

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 997

JANUARY 5, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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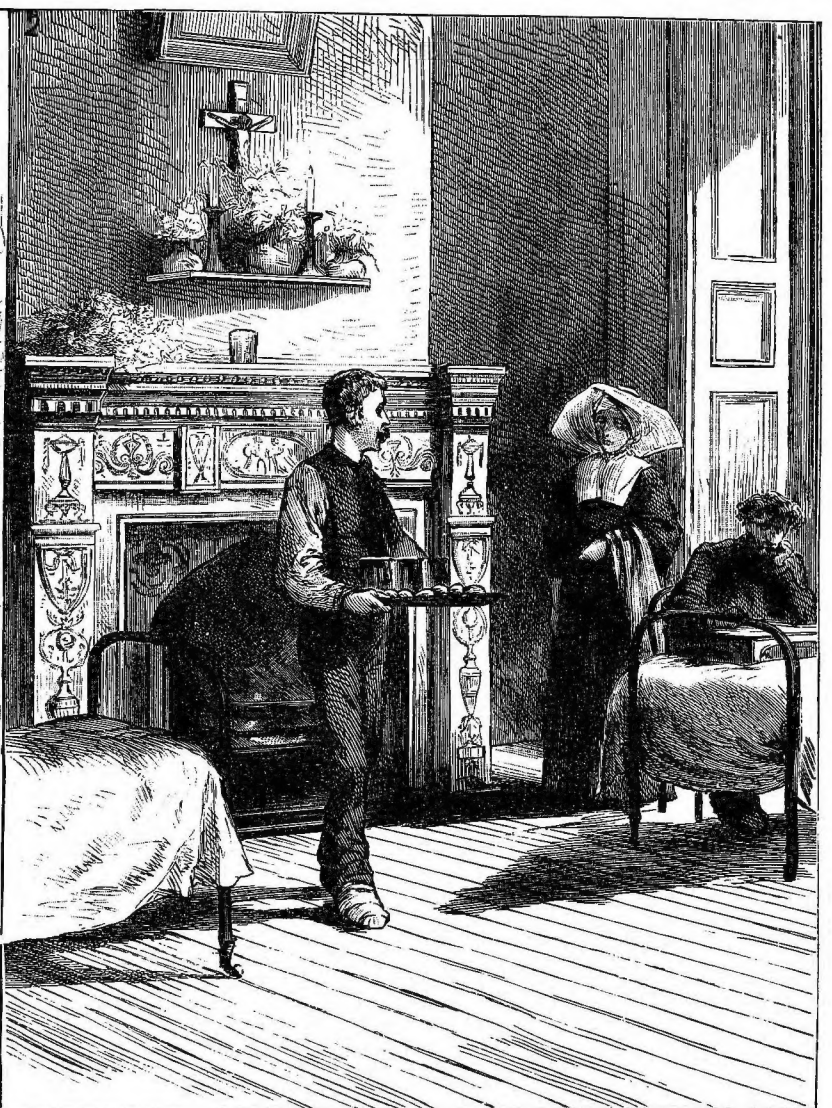
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889

TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



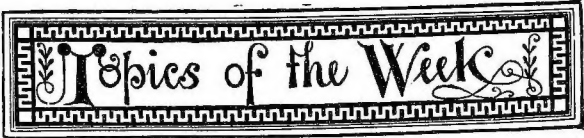
1. The Dispensary

2. A Queen Anne Mantelpiece in a Ward

3. An Objection to the Bath

4. A Touching Incident

THE FIRST ITALIAN HOSPITAL IN LONDON—QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY



PEACE OR WAR IN 1889?—This question is naturally forced upon us in the opening days of the New Year. Unhappily, it is impossible to feel confident that the answer must be given in favour of peace. The mere fact that so many vast standing armies exist, creates terrible dangers, since it is always possible that some Power or Powers may decide to strike a blow in the hope of getting rid of an intolerable burden. Then, the causes of International misunderstanding in South-Eastern Europe are as numerous as at any previous period, and one or other of them may suddenly lead to the gravest complications. The condition of France, too, gives rise to unpleasant forebodings. The influence of General Boulanger is rapidly increasing, and it is only too palpable that if he became supreme he might be glad to seize any opportunity of trying to strengthen his hold over the nation by endeavouring to win back its lost provinces. On the other hand, there are circumstances which make it not unreasonable to hope that war may, after all, be avoided. If France stood alone, she would hardly venture to attack Germany. General Boulanger's chance would come only if he were able to secure the alliance of Russia. But Russia, even if she were disposed to unite with France, is not physically ready for a great struggle. A Franco-Russian Alliance would be met by the Central European League, and this League is perhaps the strongest combination of States that the world has ever seen. It must also be remembered that, whatever may be General Boulanger's intentions, the bulk of the French people have no wish to enter upon hazardous military undertakings. This, indeed, may be said of the mass of the people in every European country, and the general dread of war may be expected to have some effect upon the decisions of the "Sovereigns and Statesmen" upon whom the issue immediately depends. Fortunately, there is at present in England no important division of opinion upon questions of foreign policy, and Lord Salisbury will have every motive to work steadily for the maintenance of peace. But his authority will be all the greater if, in the course of the year, he keeps constantly in view the urgent need for the strengthening of our defensive forces.

IRISH PROSPECTS.—There are two Irelands in existence, a political Ireland, and an industrial Ireland. In some respects their doings and aspirations are closely intermingled, but, on the whole, they deserve to be examined as two distinct entities. Political Ireland occupies an enormous space in the newspapers; aided by its English allies, it wastes the time of the House of Commons; and it refuses to be satisfied with anything short of Home Rule, which practically means independence. Industrial Ireland, from its very nature, makes less stir and show, but it has a history of its own, and its annals are really of much more importance than those of its noisy political analogue. There is an Ireland which is not engaged in attending proclaimed meetings, making truculent speeches, indulging in moonlighting raids, resisting evictions, and getting itself imprisoned. It is true that its progress is grievously hindered by the persons who pursue these mischievous practices; but, in spite of them, this progress has, during the past year, been decidedly satisfactory. The improved condition of Ireland—which is specially an agricultural country—is of course greatly due to a cause which it is beyond the power of Governments or agitators either to make or to mar, namely, a fairly good harvest. Drought appears to be a more formidable enemy in the sister-island than a superabundance of rain, owing to the farmers being chiefly dependent on the feeding of stock, and the experience of 1887 was disastrous. In 1888 the crops both of hay and green stuff have been abundant, and this, coupled with an advance in the prices obtainable for produce, has brought prosperity to graziers and farmers, a practical proof of which is afforded by the increased deposits made at both ordinary banks and savings' banks. The fisheries have been less productive than usual, but there are signs that abundant capital is ready to be employed in that branch of industry, provided only that lawlessness and violence are made to disappear. Let us conclude, at the beginning of a New Year, with an appeal to the Parnellite M.P.'s. They would immensely strengthen their claim for Home Rule if they would adopt a more genuinely patriotic attitude, and, instead of opposing Drainage Bills, and such like remedial measures, resolve to work cordially with the Government in the promotion of all plans which would infuse fresh energy into the country of which they profess to be so fond and so proud.

THE REVENUE.—Although the return for last quarter shows some slight shrinkage, the general aspect of the Revenue is fairly satisfactory. On analysing the several heads, it comes out clearly that those to which the masses mostly contribute have done best. Here, then, we have something like proof that the improvement in trade has begun to affect the spending power of the working-classes. Further corroboration of that theory may be found in the collapse of the contemplated "unemployed" agitation.

The manipulators were ready enough, no doubt, but a sufficiency of genuine workmen in a destitute condition could not be secured to join the show. In this respect, therefore, 1889 compares favourably with its two predecessors. The only serious danger ahead is that production, under the stimulus of higher prices, may run ahead of consumption. The great cotton industry has none too robust an appearance just now, while the United States will have far less occasion than last year to resort to England for railway materials. Nor is it easy to see any fresh market which is likely to be opened for British goods during the next twelve months. China, that long-awaited-for customer, still displays coyness; it is even reported, indeed, that her intelligent people are beginning to supply themselves with stout cotton fabrics from India, in lieu of the flimsy cloths of Lancashire. Altogether, the commercial outlook, although by no means gloomy, is of a sort to suggest extreme caution, both to masters and men. Both are doing tolerably well just now, and can afford to lay by something against the rainy day which is sure to come sooner or later.

SUAKIN.—We have attained our immediate object at Suakin, but it would be a gross mistake to suppose that our difficulties there are at an end. The Dervishes will probably return, and, in that case, unless we abandon the place altogether, we shall have no alternative but to do over again the work we have done already. And so the process may go on indefinitely. No one can pretend that this is a satisfactory prospect, and we may assume that the Government are anxiously considering how the problem may be most safely dealt with. An advance on Khartoum is not, of course, to be thought of. That plan might have some advantages, but the price in blood and treasure would be heavier than the country is prepared to pay. It is equally impossible to withdraw from Suakin, since we cannot afford to run the risk of its being seized by a rival Power. Some middle way must, therefore, be discovered. The advice of a good many authorities is that we should enter into negotiations with the neighbouring tribes, and no doubt this would be the best scheme if we could make it worth the while of the tribes to become our allies. But can we do this if we simply continue to hold the Port of Suakin? It is all very well to offer to trade with them, but how can trade with them be developed if they are always to be exposed to the danger of being attacked by the Mahdi's troops? Let England give them security, and they will probably be heartily glad to act as her friends. If we cannot, or will not, protect them, it will continue to be their interest to remain on good terms with the fanatical potentate who has it in his power to annoy and injure them. Peace at Suakin seems possible only if we are willing to hold both the town itself and a considerable district of which it might become the capital. To do this we should have to make some sacrifices, but they would be slight in comparison with the trouble we may bring upon ourselves by doing nothing at all.

SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING IN 1888.—As a mercantile marine Power, Great Britain still holds the field against all other nations; and this, regarded jointly with the decadence of the United States in the same line of enterprise, affords a strong testimony in favour of Free Trade. Most competent observers now agree that the inability of American ship-owners and shipbuilders to maintain their ancient position was far more due to the enhanced cost of necessary materials caused by a Protective tariff than by the depredations of the *Alabama* and her sister-privateers. During the past year freights, which had long been unprofitably low, improved considerably. The usual result followed. Capitalists at once rushed in to add to the existing tonnage. Let us hope they won't overdo it. There are two points, however, in favour of this increased activity in shipbuilding. First, sailing-vessels are found to be more and more unsuited—in face of the existing steam-competition—for earning profitable returns; and, secondly, many steamboats, owing to improvements in building and in engine-construction, are practically obsolete. We confess that we note with sadness the almost certain disappearance of the good old merchant-ship propelled by sails. Before long there will be only two sources—and neither of those very extensive—for obtaining a genuine seaman of the old-fashioned type, one who can hand, reef, and steer, namely, the pleasure-yacht service, and the fishing-fleet. Nor do either of these forms of maritime enterprise afford a novice much opportunity of learning how to reef a main-top sail. In fact, as far as we can judge, the "able seaman" of the future will be no more skilful than he who used contemptuously to be styled a "deck hand."

PERSIAN RAILWAYS.—When the Shah paid his memorable visit to England, it was bruited about that he had granted to his friend, Baron Reuter, a concession of all the railways ever to be constructed in his dominions. Through some cause or other, that splendid monopoly has never been turned to account; the *concessionaire* even preferred to allow the Persian Government to annex the million of francs he had deposited as an earnest of his intention to go on with the work at once. Now, however, that some Moscow capitalists, backed by the Russian Government, are anxious to build a line from the Caspian to Teheran, Baron Reuter

stands on his rights. In vain has the Shah offered to restore the forfeited deposit; even that magnanimous proposal failed to soften the obdurate monopolist. Perhaps some may liken this conduct to that of the dog in the manger. But the oddest feature of the business is that these Russian capitalists should be so eager to enter into a speculative enterprise which one of the shrewdest judges in Europe evidently considers too venturesome. Had Baron Reuter seen his way to make profit out of a Caspian-Teheran railway, the work would have been finished long ago. He had not to ask permission; that was accorded by the universal concession. We may assume, therefore, that he does not believe the line would ever pay a dividend. But, in that case, why not allow the Moscow speculators to burn their fingers? Perhaps the answer to this conundrum may be guessed from the fact that while the Russian Government is pulling on the one side, Sir Henry Wolff is pulling on the other. *La haute finance* is often swayed by *la haute politique*.

SERBIAN RADICALS.—The Servians have surmounted their "crisis" more successfully than could have been anticipated. It was generally feared that the Radicals, after their victory at the polls, would make themselves extremely troublesome, and perhaps even agitate for the dethronement of King Milan. They have acted, however, with unexpected moderation. Some part of the credit is undoubtedly due to the King. He was most anxious that the authority of the Crown should be established and increased by the new Constitution, but, finding that it would be wise to make concessions, has displayed so conciliatory a spirit that it became possible for the Radicals, without humiliation, to meet him half way. The Committee of the Grand Skupshchina to which the draft Constitution was referred pressed some demands with which he declined to comply, but his refusal led to no serious difficulty. Now we may hope that Serbia will soon be tranquil and prosperous under the rule of a Radical Ministry. Hitherto the Servian Radicals have been, as a party, ardent Panslavists. Now that they are dominant, it will be necessary for them to change their tactics in this respect, for it is certain that Austria would not tolerate intrigues contrary to her interests, and for the present Russia has no wish that there should be troubles at Belgrade. Perhaps much of the Panslavism of the Radicals is to be explained by the fact that until quite recently they had no hope of soon becoming the most powerful party in the State. Henceforth they will be sobered by a feeling of responsibility, and it may even happen that they will become enthusiastic champions of national independence. In the immediate future their chief task should be to place the financial system of the country on a sound basis, and thus to prepare the way for the increase of material prosperity. If they effect this object, they will give the best possible proof that Serbia well deserved the liberties she has so suddenly secured for herself.

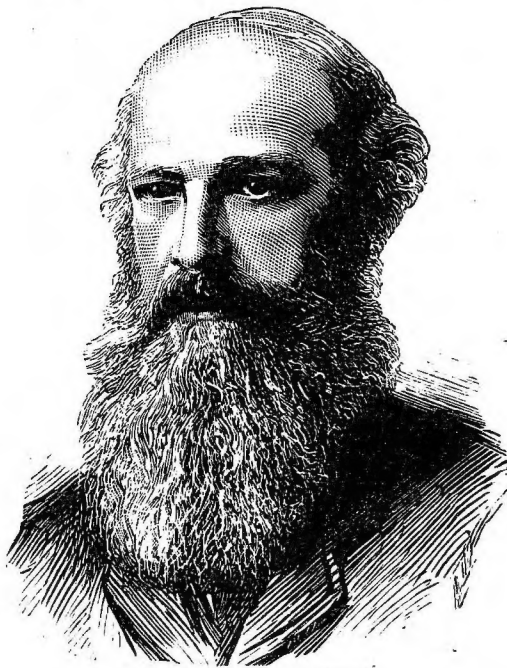
THE LONDON COAL SUPPLY.—Greater London, as viewed from its coal-consuming capacity, includes in its area a large portion of the Home Counties, and must have a population of fully six millions. This vast population naturally devours an immense quantity of fuel, all of which, except an infinitesimal amount of tree-lopplings, has to be imported. During 1888 about twelve and a half million tons of coal were brought into London. Seven-twelfths of this was railway-borne and the remaining five-twelfths sea-borne. About one-fourth of the total importation was sent abroad, or to places beyond the area over which the coal-duties are levied. The remainder was consumed on the premises, or, strictly speaking, was not completely consumed, a heavy percentage of it going to make our world-famed fogs denser and murkier. Prudent housekeepers had a chance in the summer, when coal could be bought cheaper than was ever before known. Since then, owing to threatened strikes and the approach of the cold season, prices have advanced considerably. The carriage of coal by rail forms a fairly profitable item in the traffic of the various companies, yet it is a question whether it is really economical. Even in these days of steel rails the wear and tear caused by such heavy traffic is very great, and there is no necessity for carrying coals swiftly. If the canals, instead of being bought up and practically strangled by the railway companies, had been enlarged and improved, nearly all the conveyance of such articles as coal, bricks, stone, and lime might have been performed by them, leaving the railways more scope for the development of their passenger and light goods traffic.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.—A political organisation which, while still in its first decade, can show a muster roll of more than three-quarters of a million, is a real and powerful force. Yet it seems only the other day that the Primrose League was the subject of general laughter. Even Conservatives poked fun at Lord Randolph Churchill's whimsical invention, while the "Knights," "Dames," and "Ruling Councillors" came in for endless ridicule. It certainly seemed like a joke to fit the titles taken from the age of chivalry to a miscellaneous assortment of political ladies and gentlemen mostly belonging to the illustrious unknown. That such an odd conglomeration would ever exercise any

OUR illustrations represent the remains and relics of a distinguished Phoongyee who performed a remarkable act of self-sacrifice four years ago. This Phoongyee bore the title of Tai-zawonda, and was the inheritor of the Monastery of the late Thinkaraja, the most revered priest of Akyab. It appears that to perform some religious duties he determined to immolate himself before certain relics of Buddha. Having sent away his pupils and his brother Rahans in order that no one might interfere with his intentions, at midnight he placed an earthen pan in a hole, which he had previously caused to be dug close to a flower tree in front of the library and of the monastery where the sacred relics of Buddha are preserved. He then placed some yellow robes in the pan, poured a maund of kerosine oil in the hole, and wrapped his body with the cloth saturated in oil. On the pot full of oil he placed a plank which served him as a seat ; next tying himself with a wire rope to the tree and joining his hands in adoration, he uttered some prayers ; after which, with a bundle of lighted candles he set himself on fire. In the morning his half-consumed body was found in a posture of worship, the head and upper part of the



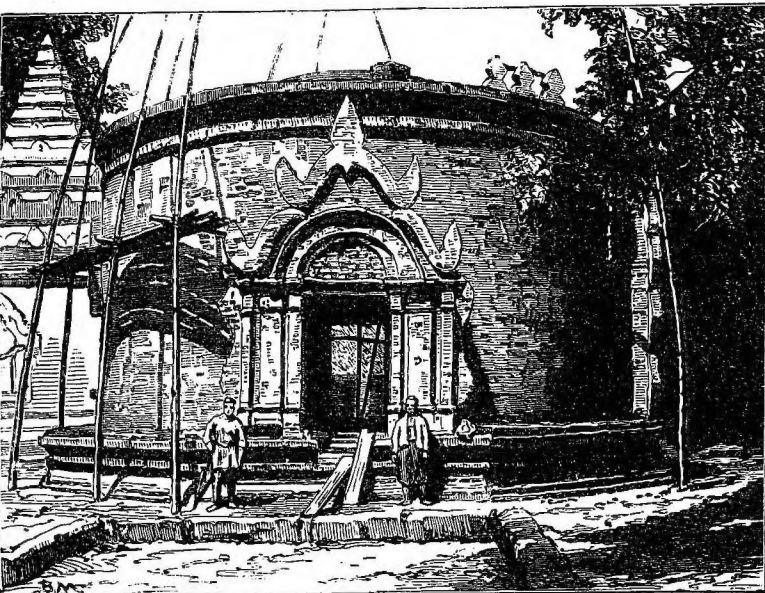
MR. JOHN RYLANDS
Manchester Manufacturer,
Born 1807. Died December 17, 1888



MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT
Diplomatist, Journalist, Novelist, Mystic.
Born 1820. Died December 23, 1888



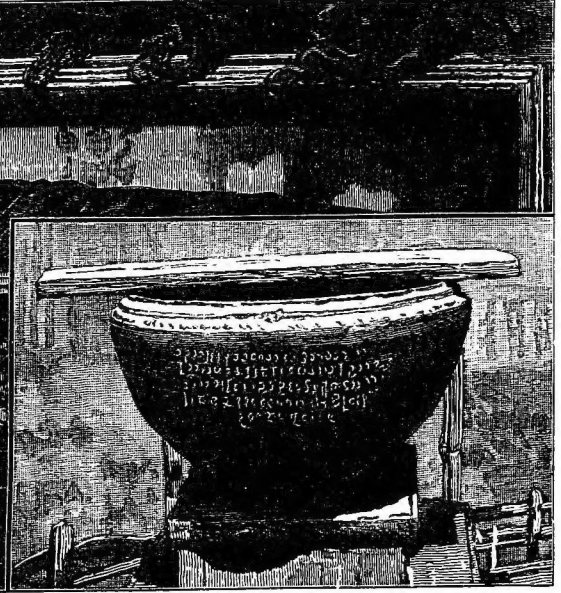
MR. P. H. MUNTZ, J.P.
M.P. for Birmingham, from 1868 to 1885
Born 1811. Died December 25, 1888



THE TEMPLE BUILT BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION TO RECEIVE
TAI-ZA-WONDA'S ASHES

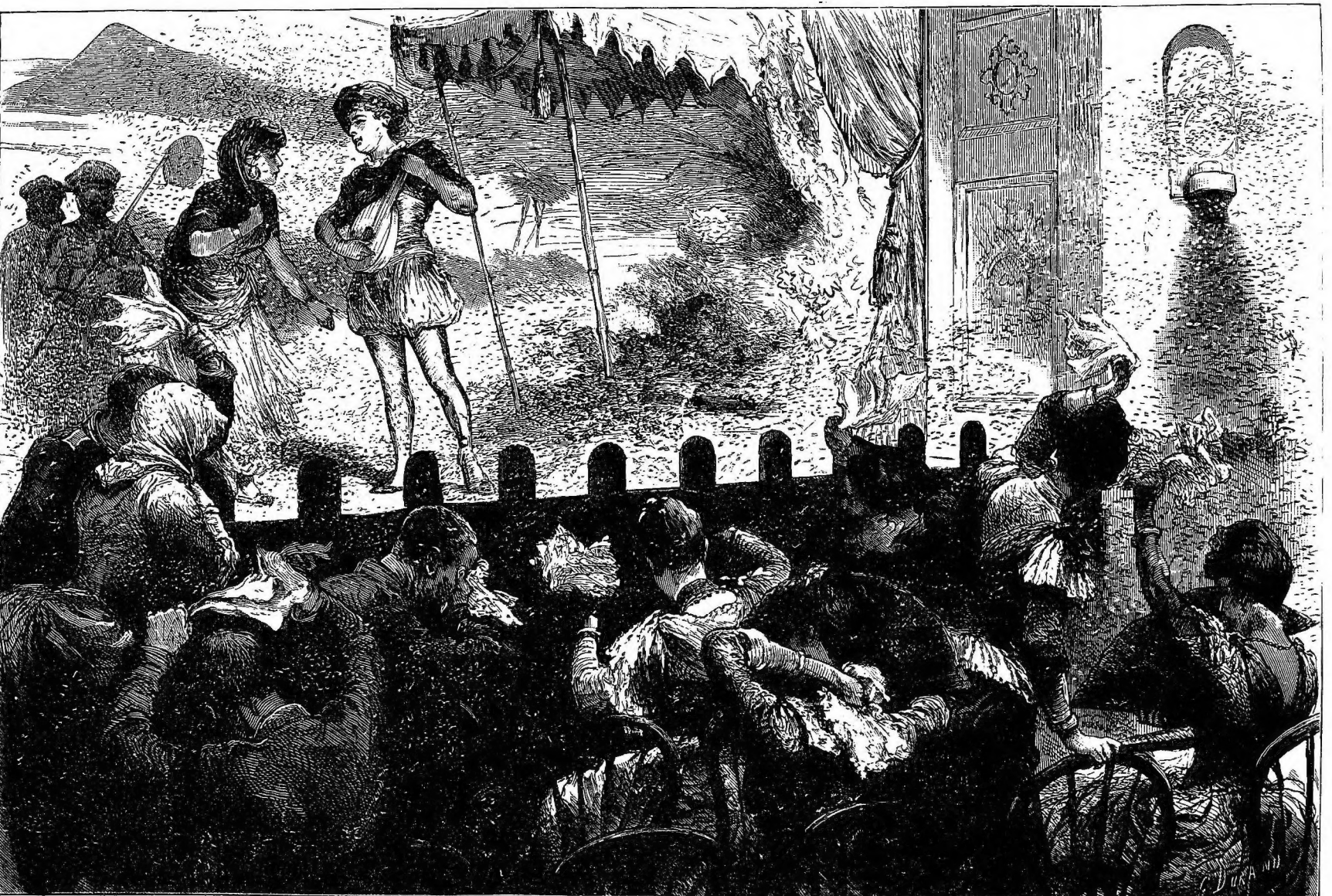


THE REMAINS OF TAI-ZA-WONDA
ENCLOSED IN A GLASS COFFIN
The remains are covered with gold-leaf

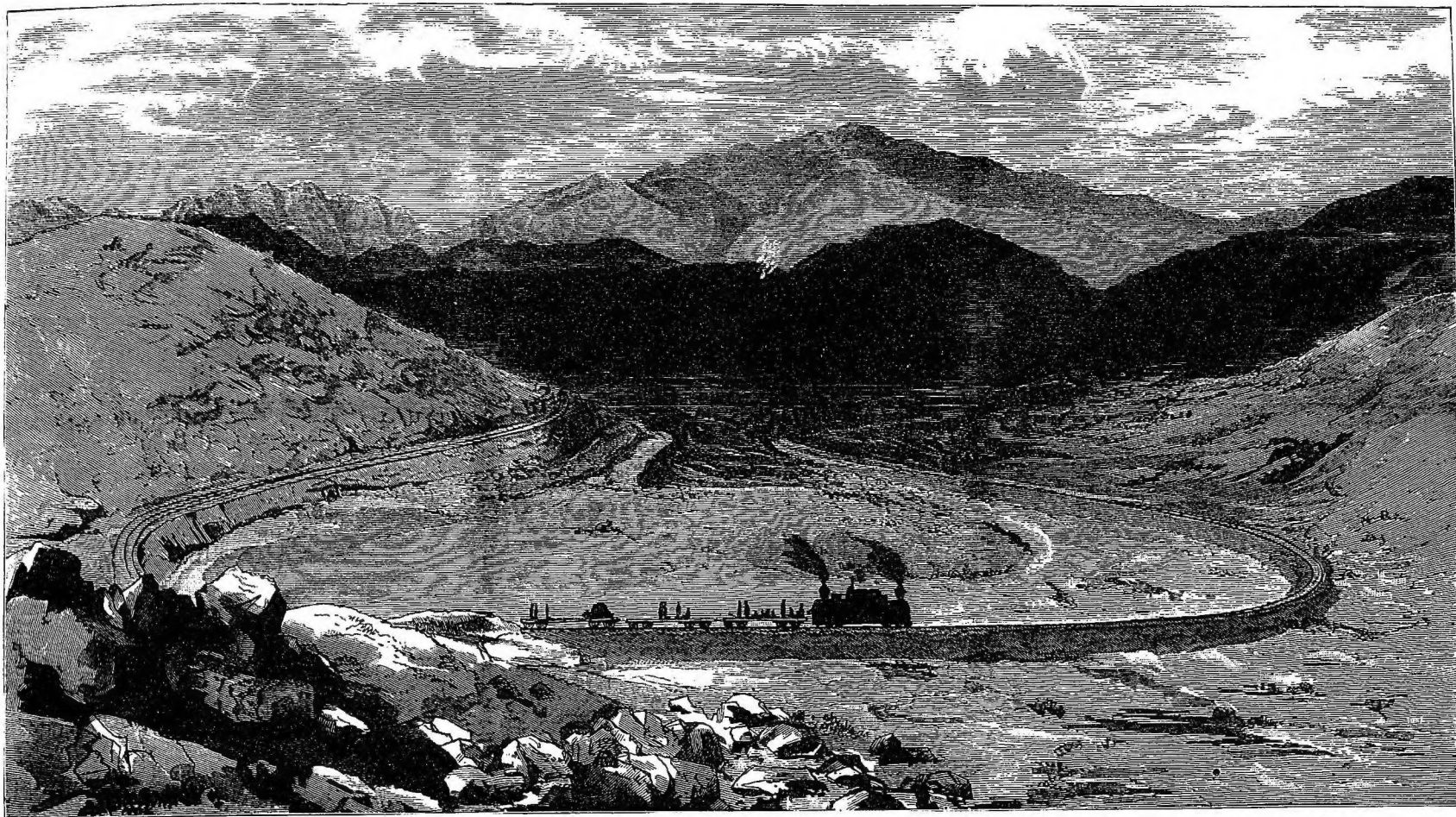


THE EARTHENWARE PAN OVER WHICH TAI-ZA-WONDA
BURNED HIMSELF TO DEATH WITH KEROSINE

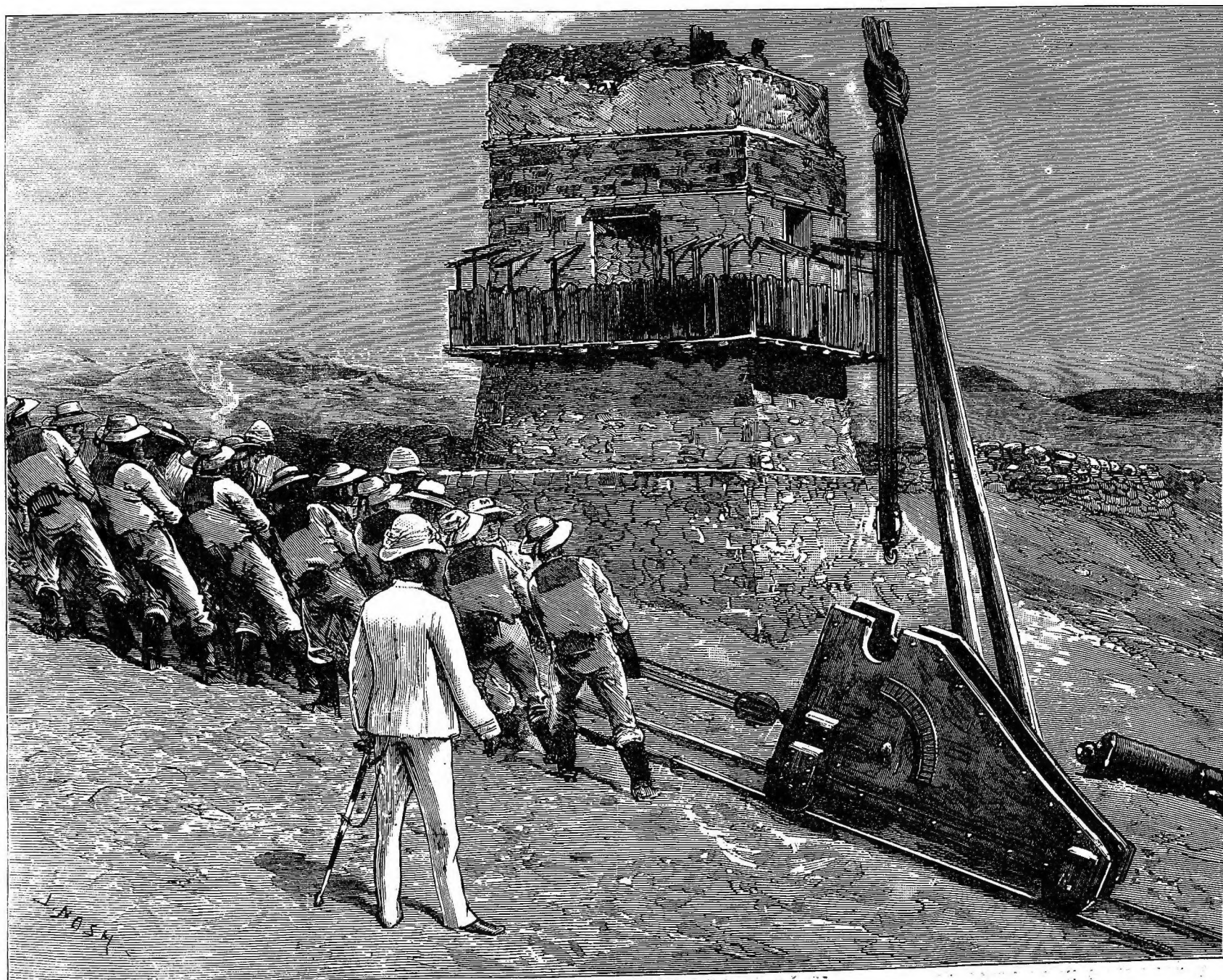
THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF THE PHOONGYEE, TAI-ZA-WONDA, AT AKYAB, ARACAN, BRITISH BURMA



THEATRICALS UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA
A SWARM OF WHITE ANTS



INDIAN FRONTIER DEFENCE—THE HORSE-SHOE NEAR KOTAL STATION ON THE UPPER BOLAN STATE RAILWAY



THE RECENT SIEGE OF SUAKIN

THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM H.M.S. "STARLING" GETTING A 64-POUNDER GUN INTO POSITION TO THE LEFT OF FORT GEMAIZEH UNDER A HEAVY FIRE FROM THE ENEMY'S LINES

body was charred, but the legs were only half-consumed, and are preserved in spirits. The monastery is now crowded with people who come to see the remains of one who, when alive, was considered the best local preacher, learned in the Scriptures, and skilled in Pali. Tai-za-wonda was about thirty-two years of age, was educated in Mandalay, and had been Phoongyee for nearly twenty years.

THEATRICALS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"ON the evening of some theatricals at Secunderabad," writes Mrs. Amy H. Brackenbury, who has sent this sketch, "a swarm of white ants arrived just as we were at dinner. Every house for five miles round was infested with them, and it was almost impossible to sit at table, or to eat anything. These insects have bodies about the size of earwigs, and four large wings like a dragon-fly, which they drop at will. The lights attracted them, and the numbers round each lamp almost obscured it. They buzzed into one's hair, and down one's neck, and dropped their wings into the wine and the food, until at last we were fairly turned out of doors. We fled to the theatre, hoping to find matters better, but there they were worse, and some of the audience declined to face such a plague, and returned home. The actors went through their parts with praiseworthy equanimity, much to the credit of their nerves and patience. My sketch shows a few of the audience who braved the evil, and they were eventually rewarded for their courage, as the worst was over in about three-quarters of an hour, and only a few stragglers remained. At the end of that time they had shed their wings, and crawled over us in the earwig stage, only a little less disagreeable. The lizards on the walls and the bats had a fine feast, and gorged until they could hardly move."

HORSESHOE CURVE ON THE BOLAN RAILWAY

THIS curve is near the Kotal station on the Upper Bolan State Railway. The line is narrow gauge, and is worked by Fairlie's patent double engines—these being necessitated by the heavy grade, of which the steepest portion is 1 in 18, situated at an altitude of 5,182 feet above sea level. A new and rack-rail line is now being constructed, and this will shorten the distance and lessen the grade. The rack or Abt engines are not to be seen in any other part of India, their introduction into the country having been first proposed for the Bolan Railway by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, Director of the North-Western Railway. The length of the Upper Bolan or Narrow Gauge Railway is 9½ miles from Kotal to Hirokle. The line is practically a series of curves—the sharpest being of 50 chains radius.

SUAKIN—GETTING A 64-POUNDER INTO POSITION

OUR illustration of the operations at Suakin this week shows the men of H.M.S. *Starling* getting into position a 64-pounder which had been landed from the vessel to be placed in position in Fort Gemaizeh. The work was accomplished under a heavy fire from the enemy's trenches, and within a few feet of the spot where the late Mr. Wake was killed. Once mounted, the gun did much execution in the Arab trenches, and in a measure paved the way for General Grenfell's victory of December 20th.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

CONSIDERABLE public attention has been recently directed towards this ancient body, owing to the sudden resignation of their commissions by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and Colonel Borton, who were respectively Captain-General, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant of the regiment. This incident was immediately followed by the peremptory disarmament of the corps by the authorities of the War Office, who allege that it had fallen into a state of indiscipline. This allegation is strenuously denied, and, at all events, it is to be hoped that such an ancient and honourable armed force will be reorganised, and the defects, whatever they were, removed, which led to the *coup d'état* of last month. The Honourable Artillery Company represents the oldest existing body of Volunteers in this country, having been instituted in 1585. It was soon after broken up, but was revived in 1610, and held its meetings for military exercises at the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, where the London Archers had met since 1498. In the Civil War (1642-8) the Company espoused the Parliamentary cause, and greatly contributed towards its success; and in June, 1780, during the Gordon Riots, it successfully defended the Bank of England against two attacks by the rioters. Since 1849 the Company's officers have been appointed by the Crown.—Our engravings are borrowed by permission from the "History of the Honourable Artillery Company," in two volumes, written by Major G. A. Raikes, 3rd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, and late Captain-Instructor of Musketry, H.A.C.

DINNER TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY ON ST. THOMAS'S EVE

YEARLY, on the eve of St. Thomas, the Freemen and Freewomen of this Company meet to dine in their Hall in Mincing Lane. A good old-fashioned Christmas dinner is partaken of by about two hundred and fifty men and women, either "born free" or made free of the Company by seven years of apprenticeship. After dinner, each person receives a guinea for travelling expenses, and gifts of clothing, &c., are made to the more necessitous of the aged. Last St. Thomas's Eve the Master of the Company in a highly-interesting speech, taking their coat-of-arms as text, gave an epitome of the history of the Company. He traced the history of the craft from the mediæval times. Although cloth-working has almost deserted London, the Company has followed the craft to its now recognised home, Yorkshire, and has there established technical schools for the encouragement of design and the art of working cloths; and to this end it annually votes many thousands of pounds to such schools, both in England and Scotland.

The Hall of the Company is a stately building, lying almost hidden among those commercial palaces, the homes of the tea-trade, in Mincing Lane. The present Hall is modern, having been built early in the fifties, and was opened by the Prince Consort. It possesses a splendid suite of drawing and reception-rooms besides the stately Great Hall, in which, on the buffet at the upper end, is displayed the sumptuous silver plate of the Company. Prominent among the loving-cups is one—a lovely specimen of silversmiths' art—presented by quaint old Samuel Pepys, Clerk to the Admiralty and Master of the Corporation.

In the Clothworkers' we have a guild which is earnestly keeping itself alive to the needs of the age, and liberally encouraging efforts which are calculated to be of service to the ancient craft, and is not, as is vulgarly supposed, spending its great wealth in mere sordid enjoyment.

TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND

WINTER in Switzerland is by no means so unpleasant as many summer tourists might think, a fact that English people are beginning to find out. In such elevated places as St. Moritz, Maloja, or Davos Platz there is quite a colony of visitors every winter, who find no lack of amusement either out or indoors, the snow being hard and crisp, so that all kinds of winter sports such as the Anglo-Saxon loves may be freely indulged, and skating, curling, and tobogganing in particular, while the bright sunshine overhead gives immunity

from chill when a short rest is required. Indeed, the winter visitors have so increased that they are able to publish an annual, the *St. Moritz Post, Davos and Maloja News Special Christmas Number*, of which the latest issue has just appeared, and amongst its contributors are such well-known names as those of Mr. J. Addington Butors are such well-known names as those of Mr. J. Addington Butors, Symonds, Miss Braddon, Mr. Arthur Pinero, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Bancroft, and Mrs. Main (Mrs. Fred. Burnaby), whose photographs serve for two of the illustrations.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Morris Hudson, and represents an incident at Lausanne—a friendly rivalry between some fair Swiss maidens and two British visitors—both parties evidently thoroughly enjoying the swift, smooth glide of the toboggans down the snow-clad slope.

NOTES IN THE LAKE NYASSA REGION—II.

NO one can read the various accounts which have come from the lower Nyassa Region, and which have been given by Mr. J. T. Last and the Rev. A. Hetherwick in the Proceedings of the Geographical Society, and by Mr. Moir in a recent number of *Longman*, without feeling transported back into the past century, when little further was known of the Dark Continent save that the people were cannibals, and had a pleasant way of quaffing confusion to their enemies from the skulls of the vanquished. There now come stories of the Yaos feasting their friends on human flesh, and calling it roast "goat," of a certain chief wishing for Mr. Last's skull as a drinking bowl, of whole villages burned and their inhabitants slaughtered by a petty potentate for some fancied slight, of men and women being buried alive at a chief's funeral, of the ordeal of a poisoned cup for witchcraft, and of the most fiendish cruelties perpetrated by the slave hunters, even to driving their victims into a crocodile-infested marsh, and then setting fire to the sun-dried reeds. Such are a few of the incidents casually reported during the past few months from the region we are illustrating, where, as we recorded last week, a British trading company and a number of missionary societies are striving to implant the germs of civilisation. There is even a British Consul, Mr. Albert Hawes, to whom, through Mr. Milford Hallett, we are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken. Mr. Hawes' Consulate is at Zomba, which lies south of Lake Nyassa, and to the westward of Lake Kilwa or Shirwa. The natives round about are mainly of the Yao tribe, amongst whom the practice of cannibalism and the custom of burning alive above referred to still exist. Although the natives have much intercourse with the coast Mahomedans, the influence of the latter has had little effect in changing their barbarous religious practices, or in inducing them to embrace Mahomedanism. During Mr. Last's visit to that region he made an interesting trip with Consul Hawes to Angoni Land. Angoni Land lies to the north-west of Yao, mainly on the right bank of the Shire River, and extends to the southern shore of Lake Nyassa. Unlike the Yaos, who are ruled by a number of chiefs, the Angonis have one supreme Sovereign, King Chikusi, who is greatly revered, as he is in the habit of cutting off the heads of such subjects as show the slightest disobedience. As may be seen, the costume differs very little from that of other African tribes, while their arms are chiefly clubs and spears, and large oval-shaped shields. The King has a few guns, but these are only used for elephant-hunting or for firing salutes of honour.

CHILDREN'S NURSERY TABLEAUX

YOUNG folks of all ages—from "tinies" who can scarcely toddle, up to ladies and gentlemen of five-and-twenty (and often a good deal older)—are fond of acting. There are all kinds and degrees of amateur theatrical entertainments, from those devoted sons and daughters of Thespis who get up some such piece as *Still Waters Run Deep*, or *Our Boys*, fortified by weeks of previous rehearsal, and provided with a portable stage, dresses from a regular costumier, and a professional barber in attendance, down to the drawing-room impromptu charade, where the coat-rack in the hall and the ladies' retiring-room supply all needful changes of dress. Of the two sorts, the latter diversions are, perhaps, the most enjoyable to the lookers-on. But the interest is freshest when the performance is given by children, because there is still some simplicity about children, even in this *blasé* age; and because parents, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, and grandmothers delight in watching the doings of the rising generation. In the *proverbe* which Mr. Barnes has illustrated, and which we presume may be "A stitch in time saves nine," grandmamma is critically examining her descendant's needlework.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

A NEW STORY, by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. C. Barclay, begins on page 17.

"DEAD FOR WANT OF WATER"

IN the Australian bush there are more men who perish for want of that necessary article, water, than from any other cause.

In consequence of the almost waterless condition of some of the tracks in the far interior of Australia, numbers of men who, perhaps, have simply depended upon the water-bag they carry in their hands, on the chance of obtaining a drink from some other traveller they might pick up on the track, get finally exhausted, and having at last managed to stagger into the bed of some dry but shady creek, have lain down and perished, to be found some day by a chance stockman passing that way, and buried, or perhaps never found at all.

Many men who have gone out into the Australian bush are never heard of again. Not receiving letters from them, their friends in England advertise in some of the Australian papers, or place the matter in the hands of some Colonial Inquiry Agent, but poor Tom or Bill is never heard of, and his friends come to the conclusion that, perhaps, he has cleared out for some other country. And so he has; and in some far-off part of the Australian bush, his bleached bones are lying about some quiet nook, and will some day be found by some stockman or police-trooper who may chance to drop upon them.

The writer himself assisted to bury three men who had perished for want of water last year, on Cooper's Creek.—Our engraving is from a sketch by A. Esam, 7, Westfield Villas, Ealing Dean, W., who has also supplied the foregoing details.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is so universally regarded as the recognised exponent of ancient Greek and Roman life and manners, that it comes like a comparative surprise to meet him in the character of a portrait painter. He has here depicted a very charming lady, and, it is to be hoped, will continue to vary his severer studies by excursions into this eminently popular domain of his profession.—This engraving forms the Frontispiece to Vol. XXXVIII.

"LOST IN THE BUSH"

THIS small engraving may serve as a pendant to our large picture. In this case a shepherd was lost in the Tasmanian bush on September 1st, 1886. As soon as he became missing a large number of men searched the bush for seven days, but without success. And any one who knows the bush will well understand how small are the chances of finding a person, alive or dead, in the depths of the

primeval forest. Recent fires burnt down much of the scrub, and on September 24th, 1888, more than two years after his death, the few remains we have pictured were found under a large gum-tree.



together with the boots, and a few remnants of tattered clothing. Other parts of the skeleton were doubtless removed by animals, and the parts remaining show marks of severe handling.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Henry A. Roome, J.P., of Westbury, Tasmania.



THE magnificent revival of *Macbeth* at the LYCEUM has resulted, as was expected, in a fierce controversy regarding the true view of the character of the Scottish usurper. Not more unexpected, perhaps, was the wordy warfare which has been raging this week over the question of Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth, which is certainly not the Lady Macbeth to which the Pritchard and Siddons tradition has accustomed us. Miss Terry even found a champion before her rich red Titianesque wig and long-descending plaits had emerged from the condition of a mere rumour. This was Mr. Comyns Carr, whose wife, a lady of well-known artistic tastes, is understood to have contributed valuable service in the way of designs for the gowns that Miss Terry wears in the play. As the public have probably, by this time, heard nearly as much as they desire to hear on these knotty questions, we must be content with a very few words on the subject. As to *Macbeth*, there seems to be a little vagueness on both sides in stating the issue. Why make *Macbeth* a craven? asks one, when it is his personal prowess that makes him at once a formidable rival to the amiable *roi fainéant* Duncan, and a dreamer of perilous dreams of ambition. To this Mr. Irving has answered in a semi-official way that he sees no connection between personal courage in the field and a weak habit of yielding to superstitious terrors under the promptings of a burdened conscience. It may at once be admitted that there is no necessary antagonism between these two things. The bravest of men have been superstitious; and that "conscience doth make cowards of all" we have the authority of Hamlet for saying. But then Mr. Irving's superstitious terrors do not strike us as the superstitious terrors of a brave man; and the cowardice which his conscience-stricken moods bring on is made to seem too like the cowardice that is deep seated in the craven nature. The spectator looks for something majestic even in the moral wreck of such a man; and this is what Mr. Irving neglects to suggest. As to Miss Terry's gentle, clinging, affectionate spouse, it is obviously not Lady Macbeth—though it is probably the only sort of Lady Macbeth whom this sweetly tender and poetical actress is capable of presenting us with. Here, too, there has been a little obscurity regarding the matters in dispute. Great critics have, we are aware, discovered traces in Lady Macbeth of a better nature. Her reluctance to kill the venerable King, her guest, because he resembled her "father as he slept," shows at least that she drew the line at parricide, and so far this should, of course, be entered to her credit. We must not forget, too, that she had, presumptively, been a good and faithful wife, as is indicated by her partner's tender expressions regarding her. But, granting all this, and something more in the same direction, it would still be Miss Terry's business to weld her various qualities together, so that a total result might be at least a conceivable personage. Incitements to treason and barbarous murder sit ill upon a woman who is all love and caresses, and whose voice, do what she will, is wholly wanting in the tragic note. It is as if some one should attempt to play Jekyll and Hyde without the alternate transformations. The effect to put it plainly, borders on the ludicrous; though nothing could be more touching or full of sorrowful suggestions than her sleep-walking scene. Miss Terry has, moreover, one great claim on our favour which Mr. Irving unhappily greatly needs. This arises from her honest unaffected delivery. Since 1875, when Mr. Irving last played *Macbeth*, he has learnt much, and it must be confessed that the general objection to his mode of interpreting the character is in some degree removed, for he does not scream or whine, as he was wont to do, in the murder scene, and he abates not a little of the old exaggeration of *Macbeth's* terrors. But his eccentricities of utterance, his habit of giving to some syllable, of no discernible special importance, an extraordinary emphasis, or of speaking some particular word with a capricious modulation, has even grown with time. Nothing short of half a dozen repetitions of the "a" in "ague" could convey an idea of his mode of pronouncing that word when invoking disaster upon the forces of Macduff.

It is an agreeable task to turn from these controversies and discussions of matters of taste to the subject of the mounting of a revival which must be for ever memorable in the annals of the stage. In scenic art, England may now be fairly said to stand pre-eminent. With the exception of the Meiningers, who now and then, when at home, are worthy rivals, there is nothing to be seen on Continental stages which will compare for *mise-en-scène* with the Lyceum pro-

duction of, say, *Much Ado About Nothing*, or Lord Tennyson's poetical play of *The Cup*. The *Macbeth* does not excel, though it equals, these productions; but it may confidently be said that in no previous production under Mr. Irving's reign has scenic art, in its highest form, been so faithfully subdued to the purpose of illustrating a poetical play.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Beerbohm Tree repeated at the HAYMARKET the performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as lately given at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Tree's impersonation of Falstaff is full of force and spirit, and is a little wanting only on the side of the exuberant joviality of the fat knight. The cast, which includes Miss Lingard, Miss Rose Leclercq, Mrs. Tree, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Righton, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Vollaie, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps, was remarkably strong; and the comedy was put upon the stage with great care. It will be repeated every Wednesday afternoon throughout the holidays.

The ST. JAMES'S will remain closed during the preparations for the production of a new play by Mr. Outram Tristram, entitled *The Panel Picture*, which will be produced in the latter days of the present month.



THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, the late Governor-General of India, is gazetted Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Italy.

AMONG THE NEW YEAR'S honours bestowed by the Queen is the appointment of Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, M.P., Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and of Baron de Worms, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, to be members of the Privy Council; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, K.C.B., H.M.'s representative at Teheran, is made a G.C.B.; a Baronetcy is conferred on Sir Frederick Bramwell; and the list of new Knights includes the Mayors of Bristol and Nottingham, and Mr. Myles Fenton.

MR. BRIGHT was, in the middle of the week, pronounced to be progressing steadily towards convalescence.

POLITICAL.—The first noticeable contribution to the political oratory of the New Year was made by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett on Tuesday, who, addressing a large Conservative gathering at Portland, closed a review of the situation in Egypt by saying that when the occasion arose, when any great European cataclysm occurred, or if the Ottoman Empire should be broken up, then it would be both easy and just for England to turn occupation into possession.—Lord Ripon, addressing a gathering of Gladstonians at Ayr on Wednesday, commented on Lord Salisbury's Edinburgh speech, and rather oddly requested to be informed what justification the Premier had for saying that any leader of the Irish party ever made any proposal inconsistent with the just rights of private property.—The Bill authorising the construction of the Channel Tunnel having been once more deposited in the Private Bill Office, Mr. Gladstone's approval of the Channel Tunnel scheme has not prevented the Board of Trade from informing the promoters of the scheme that, if re-introduced into Parliament, the Government will, as previously, oppose it.—Sir John Pender (L.U.) has accepted the invitation of the local Liberal Unionist and Conservative Associations to become Unionist candidate for the seat vacant in the Govan Division of Lanarkshire. Sir John, so well known for his connection with ocean telegraphy, represented Totnes 1862-66, and the Wick Burghs 1872-85.—Baron Clarina has been elected an Irish representative Peer, in succession to the late Earl of Lucan.

THE COUNTY COUNCILS.—All the first elections of County Councils must take place during the present month, on such day in each county, not earlier than the 14th, as the Returning Officer may fix. At many meetings of Courts of Quarter Sessions this week valedictory addresses have been delivered and votes of thanks passed to their Chairmen.—Nominations for the County of London will be received up to the 9th inst., and the polling is fixed for the 17th.—Sir John Lubbock having a strong feeling that the choice of the electors ought not to be determined by party considerations, writes to contradict the statement that he is standing as a Liberal Unionist for the City Division of the London County Council. The requisition asking him to become a candidate was signed not only by prominent Conservatives, but by the leading Liberals of both sections.—Among what may be called "the curiosities of candidature" in London is that of Mr. Augustus Harris, the well-known lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who offers himself for election in the Strand Division of Westminster.

IRELAND.—Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., has received a lesson from which he can hardly fail to profit. At Tralee, and under the Crimes Act, he has been sentenced, this time with hard labour, to six months' imprisonment, for having published in his newspaper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, a report of the proceedings at a meeting of a suppressed branch of the National League.—Mr. Finucane, M.P., has been sentenced at Castle Connell to four months' imprisonment for aiding and abetting proceedings taken to prevent a tenant from continuing in the occupation of an evicted farm. He appealed, and was liberated on bail.—Mr. Sheehan, M.P., was found guilty at Killarney of conspiring to prevent the tenantry on the Kenmare estates from paying their rents. But on account of delicate health he was liberated on his own recognisances.

THE DEATH is announced of Viscount Eversley (known in public life as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre), within a few weeks of completing his ninety-fifth year. The late Viscount Eversley engaged in public life with the advantage of a connection with two distinguished political families, his wife being the daughter of the eminent Whig, Samuel Whitbread, by a daughter of Earl Grey, of Reform Bill celebrity. He entered the House of Commons, in 1830, as a Liberal, and having distinguished himself by his knowledge of its Rules and Procedure, he was elected Speaker, in 1839, by a majority of only eighteen over his Conservative competitor, Mr. Goulburn. But in the Chair he displayed such ability and impartiality, that during three successive Parliaments, in one of which Sir Robert Peel had a large majority, he was re-elected Speaker with the approval of both parties. He retired from the Speakership in 1857, when he received a Peerage, which now becomes extinct.

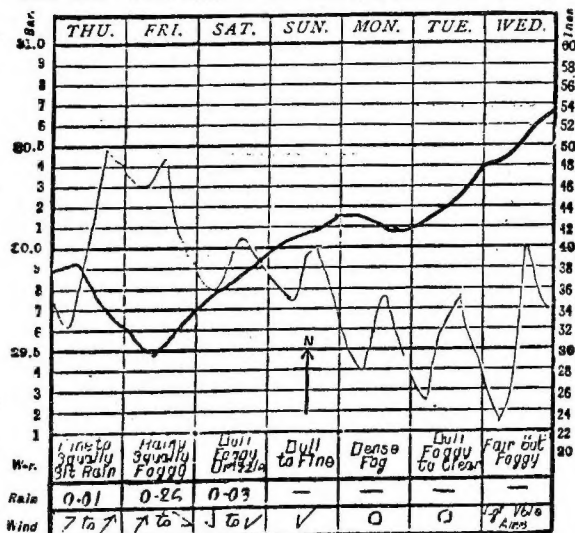
OUR USUAL OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-eighth year, of the Countess of Sheffield, mother of the present Earl of Sheffield; in his eighty-fourth year, of Lord William Osborne-Elphinstone, brother of the eighth Duke of Leeds, who was Military Secretary, 1836-41, to Lord Auckland, when Governor-General of India; in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir John R. Blois, Bart., in 1862 High Sheriff of Suffolk; in his sixty-fourth year, of Lieutenant-General Horatio H. Morant, who served with distinction in the Crimea, and in New Zealand during the Maori War of 1864-6; in his fifty-ninth year, of Lieutenant-General Samuel Blyth, who distinguished himself in the New Zealand wars of 1863 and 1865, and in the Afghan War of 1878-9; of Surgeon-General F. F. Allen, honorary physician to the Queen, who saw a great deal of service in India, and received the thanks of Sir Frederick Roberts for the efficient discharge of his duties, when Deputy-Surgeon-General of the Koorum Field Force; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev.

Frederic J. Norman, Hon. Canon of Peterborough, Rural Dean and Rector of Bottesford; of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson, D.D., many years a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, Senior Wrangler in 1845, and author of treatises on mechanics and optics; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Alderman Emanuel, one of the oldest Liberals in Portsmouth, of which town he was Mayor in 1867, formerly a member of the well-known firm of jewellers there, and an active promoter of the development of Southsea as a watering-place; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. William G. Goodliffe, late Accountant-General, India Office; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. George Murdoch, R.N., who was for many years Chief Inspector of Machinery, attached to the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, prosecuted valuable experiments as to the evaporative qualities of the coal used in the Navy, and who claimed to have invented in 1866 the breech-loading system of ordnance; in his fifty-first year, of Mr. J. J. Coleman, inventor of the refrigerating-machine which bears his name; in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. Henry M. Dunphy, for upwards of forty years on the staff of the *Morning Post*; and of Mr. James Swinton, once well-known in London society by his portraits of distinguished persons of both sexes, executed with singular grace in crayon-drawings, the size of life, and also by his portraits in oil.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE, &c.—"Hazzell's Cyclopædia," which will in future be known as "Hazzell's Annual" (Hazzell, Watson, and Viney), has now reached its fourth year of publication. The new edition for 1889 contains, amongst other additions, articles on Armour-plates and Ordnance, China, Cycling, Drama, Literature of 1888, British and Foreign Navies, and a host of other useful and interesting subjects. The articles are necessarily condensed, but the salient points of each are prominently set forth, and the annual is without doubt a very convenient "cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day."—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us samples of their "Concise" Diaries, beautifully printed in blue and brown, and bound in Russian leather. They are neat and convenient productions, and contain a lot of useful matter without in any way being cumbersome.—The aim of the "Perennial" Diary (John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester) is to enable those who wish to keep a record of important events which happen during their life, to do so concisely, thus obviating the necessity of keeping a diary every year.—"The Year's Art" (Virtue and Co.) has grown so during its ten years of publication that the publishers have found it necessary to increase the price. We cannot say more in praise of the present volume (1889) than that it is equal in all respects to its predecessors.—"The Educational Annual" for 1889 (G. Philip and Son), which makes its first appearance this year, is a most instructive handbook of educational information. A very useful feature of the book is a list of the principal schools, colleges, and educational societies in the United Kingdom. The new venture is certainly deserving of success.—"The Financial Reform Almanac" for 1889 (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) contains particulars relating to the Income Tax, Army and Navy Estimates, the cost of Royalty, Finance, and a lot of statistical information.—We have to acknowledge the first volume of the *Sun* (James Nisbet and Co.), a new magazine with a somewhat religious tendency. The volume contains some excellent stories and capital illustrations.—We have also received "Myra's Diary and Every-day Reference Book" for 1889 (Myra and Son), "The Home Almanac," "The Cottagers' Almanac," and "The Churchman's Almanac" (S.P.C.K.).

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (2nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the first part of this week was mild and showery in most places, but subsequently became much colder and finer, although very foggy over some parts of England. At the commencement of the time an anticyclone lay over France, while a depression was found off the North-West Coasts of Ireland, and another off the West Coast of Norway. These disturbances quickly moved away in a North-Easterly direction, and in their rear the mercury rose briskly over our Islands, while the anticyclone shifted to the neighbourhood of the Baltic. The winds at first blew freshly from the Southward generally, but by Friday (28th ult.) they had veered to the Westward over England and to the Northward over Ireland, and lulled considerably in all places. Showery or rainy weather prevailed over the greater part of the country, and while the air was decidedly mild, speaking generally, slight frost was experienced at several of the Scotch Stations. By Saturday (29th ult.) a material recovery in pressure was shown over our Islands, and Eastern portion of an anticyclone had advanced to our Western Shores, while the old high pressure system still held over the Baltic, shallow depressions were found both over the North-West of Norway and in the South of France. In Northern winds now became very general, and produced a decided fall in temperature, and although the sky as a whole was clear and bright, thick local mists or fogs were reported from the South of England, at times with very sharp ground frosts. After Sunday (30th ult.) the mercury fell briskly for the time in the North-West as a depression skirted that region, going North-Eastwards, and the anticyclone in the West moved Eastwards across the Southern portions of the United Kingdom to the Continent. By the close of the week a locality and decided recovery in pressure had set in in the West, to which prevalence another anticyclone had advanced from the Westward. During the pressure rose of the depression off the Irish Coasts on Monday (31st ult.) temperature rose rapidly with the Southerly breeze, and was accompanied by rain, but as this disturbance gradually extended to the North-Eastward, and the barometer rose quickly, temperature again decreased sharply. Over England the thermometer showed a steady decline during the closing days of the period, where heavy fogs were reported locally. Elsewhere, the weather, taken as a whole, was very fair. The sharpest frost, which occurred over Central and Southern England between Monday (31st ult.) and Wednesday (2nd inst.) showed 10° or 11° below the freezing point. The barometer was highest (30.67 inches) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Friday (28th ult.); range 1.18 inch. The temperature was highest (50°) on Thursday (27th ult.); lowest (23°) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); range 27°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.30 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.26 inch on Friday (28th ult.).



TURNER'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE OF "DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE" has been presented by the Duke of Westminster to the Melbourne Public Gallery.

CHINESE FAMILY AFFECTION does not lessen with the advance of Western ideas. One of the chiefs officials of the Kao-chang-miao Arsenal, lately held a five days' festival with religious services, feasts, and theatricals to commemorate his wife's fiftieth birthday, although the good lady died twenty years ago.

AN INGENIOUS METHOD of obtaining help when lost in the bush was recently practiced in South Australia. A man got hopelessly "bushed" while near the overland telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin, and after wandering about for four days decided to cut the telegraph wires and camp on the spot. His plan succeeded. The telegraph repairers were sent out along the line to discover the cause of the interruption, and came upon the wanderer well-nigh exhausted.

THE AUTOMATIC MACHINES to be found in most English railway-stations distributing sweets, cigars, scents, post-cards, &c., have been turned into topical magic-lanterns in Paris. By dropping two sous into the slit, the passer-by may enjoy a graphic view of the execution of Prado. Equally ingenious, but less horrible, was the use made of one of these machines at a recent Transatlantic fancy fair on behalf of a chapel, when the invitation ran, "Drop a dollar into the slot and see the pastor smile."

THE "QUESTION BOULANGER" is the joke of the hour in the Paris New Year's Fair. It is a regular sell but delights the Parisians none the less. The "Question" consists of a man lying on his face on a piece of cardboard, and wearing a big red or green hat. On his head being touched the little man slides along the cardboard by means of a little jet ball hidden in his hat—*la boule en jais*—a most excruciating pun. The bonbon of the season is the *Romeo*, named in honour of Madame Patti's appearance in Mr. Gounod's opera.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE between *Coronet* and *Dauntless* which attracted so much interest in 1887, turns out to have been hardly a fair struggle after all. When the loser, the *Dauntless*, was in mid-ocean she sprung a leak, which in the captain's opinion lost her the race. The leak was attributed to the vessel straining her stem. Now, however, the yacht has just been thoroughly repaired at New York, and, when the copper sheeting was removed, the *Albany Sunday Press* tells us, an auger hole an inch in diameter was discovered on each side of her stem. These holes plainly show that the *Dauntless* was tampered with.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE of the Emperor of China, on February 23rd, keeps Chinese officials in the utmost state of anxiety and excitement. The Empress-Mother is so determined on all traditional rites being minutely carried out, that she disgraced a whole batch of members of the Board of Ceremonies because they had omitted to notify a minor alteration she had made in the programme. The choice of the future Empress has been formally announced by Government decree, together with the selection of two ladies of the harem. The Empress is a cousin of her future spouse, being the daughter of the Empress mother's younger brother, and the fair Yeh-hoh-na-la is described by her mother-in-law-elect as "a woman of virtuous character, and becoming and dignified demeanour." Family ties are supposed to have influenced this choice, as the Empress mother may think that a near relation would be less likely to push her entirely into the background. The other damsels are both named Ta-ta-la, and are sisters of thirteen and fifteen years of age.

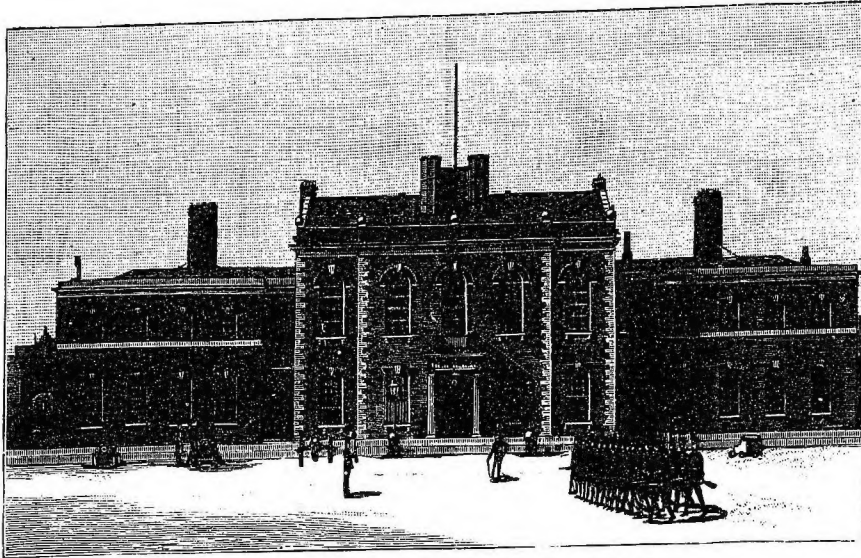
ART IN PARIS is re-awakening for the winter season. Various small picture exhibitions have opened their doors, including displays of works by sundry deceased painters and collectors previous to sales, but the most important is the annual Exhibition of the Thirty-Three, in the Rue de Sèze. This collection is organised by the rising generation of artists and sculptors, and brings some good young workers to the front. Among the best pictures are the Oriental landscapes by M. Ary Rénan, son of the eminent writer, while pastels are coming into as much favour as in London. Struggling artists decidedly need such opportunities as this Exhibition, owing to the favouritism complained of in the Salon management. Year by year the same artists control the selection of works at the Palais de l'Industrie (so say the malcontents), unduly protect their own pupils, and shut out new men. When the Society of French Artists, who now manage the Salon, held their annual meeting last week a proposal was made to alter the present system of electing the jury, so that each member of the Society should serve in turn. This alteration would have broken up the existing artistic "ring" and given outsiders a fairer chance. But the ruling body was too strong, and rejected the proposition by an immense majority.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREES IMPORTED TO BERLIN this year would have formed a perfect forest. Pines and firs poured in from Silesia, Thuringia, the Harz, and especially from Hamburg, whose products were in such demand that the price rose from 7s. to 15s. per 100. Though public rejoicings were few, the Berliners were as jovial as ever privately, ate their Christmas dish of carp stewed in beer and strolled gaily about the streets where the holiday booths crowded even the pavement under the Royal palace. The little Crown Prince and his brothers were often visible at the windows above watching the fun and evidently longing to evade etiquette and join the throng. The Emperor William's Christmas gift to his eldest son was a model collection of Prussian uniforms from the time of the Great Elector to the present day. The young Emperor's popularity in his capital was plainly shown in the Berlin shops this holiday season. His portrait was everywhere, even on brooches and neck-ties, songs in his honour filled the windows, while the fashionable writing-paper displayed medallions of William II. and his sons, and was enclosed in a box bearing Hohenzollern portraits. The popular game, also, "The Voyage of Emperor William to the South and the North," illustrating the Sovereign's late visits to his brother Monarchs, and representing him in sixteen different uniforms. Speaking of the Emperor the First 20-mark pieces bearing his effigy are just out.

LONDON MORTALITY has increased and decreased respectively during the last two weeks, and 1,802 and 1,641 deaths have been registered, against 1,455 during the previous seven days (a rise of 347, and a fall of 161, being 45 and 323 below the average, and at the rate of 22.0 and 20.0 per 100). There were 184 and 147 deaths from measles, 25 and 20 from scarlet fever, 39 and 34 from diphtheria, 25 and 28 from whooping-cough, 12 and 8 from enteric fever, 16 and 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from small-pox, typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 440 and 412, and were 86 and 145 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 81 and 52 deaths. Eight and 4 cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,055 and 1,876 births registered, against 2,291 the previous week, being 29 above and 514 below the average.



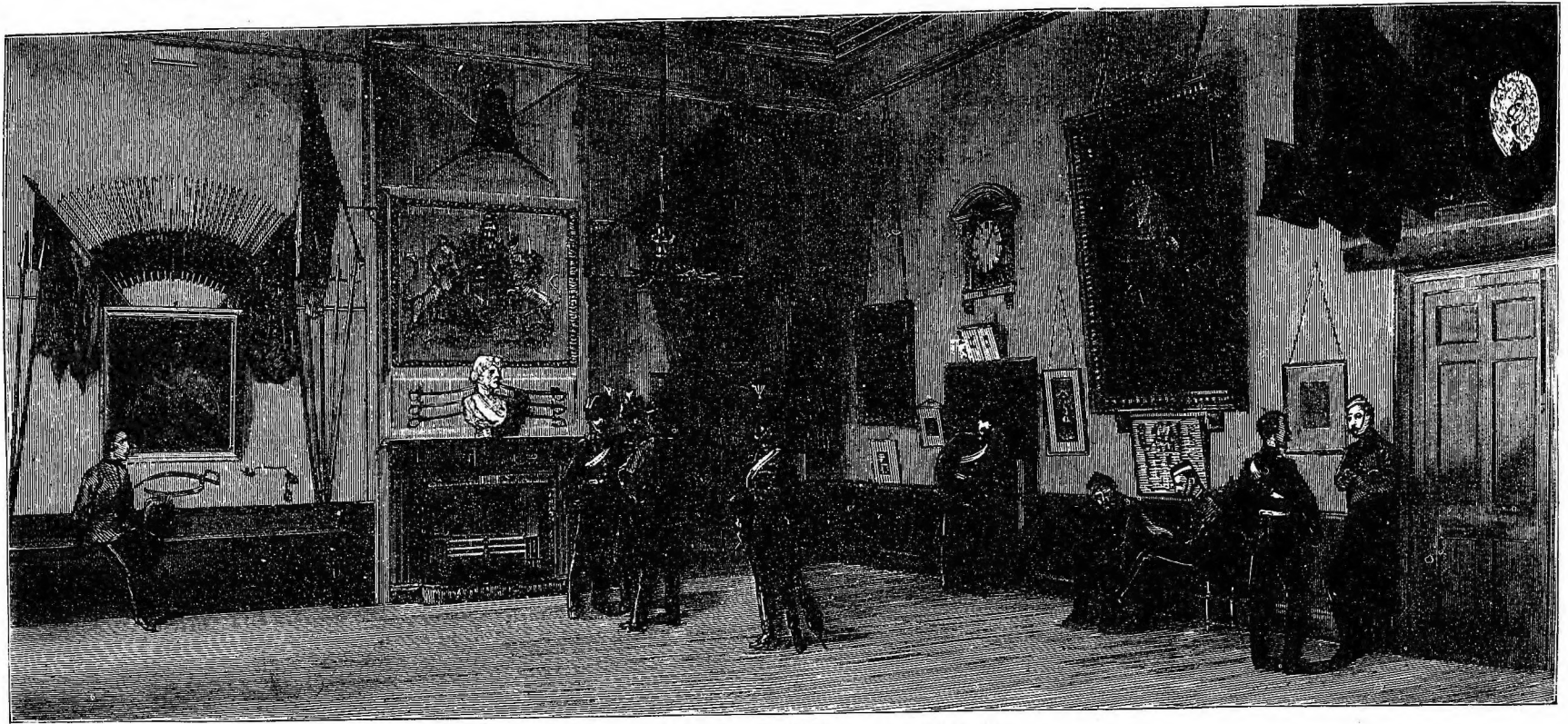
CAP WORN BY OFFICERS OF THE
GRENADIER COMPANY DURING
THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE



EXTERIOR OF THE ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY



CAP WORN BY OFFICERS OF THE
GRENADIER COMPANY DURING
THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE I.



GREAT ROOM OF THE ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY

Infantry, 1737-1822

Battalion
Uniform,
1848

Driver,
Artillery Private,
Artillery

Captain,
Artillery

Captain, Infantry

1857-1857
Captain,
Rifle Company

Lieutenant,
Light Infantry
Undress

Sergeant,
Artillery

Corporal,
Rifle
Company

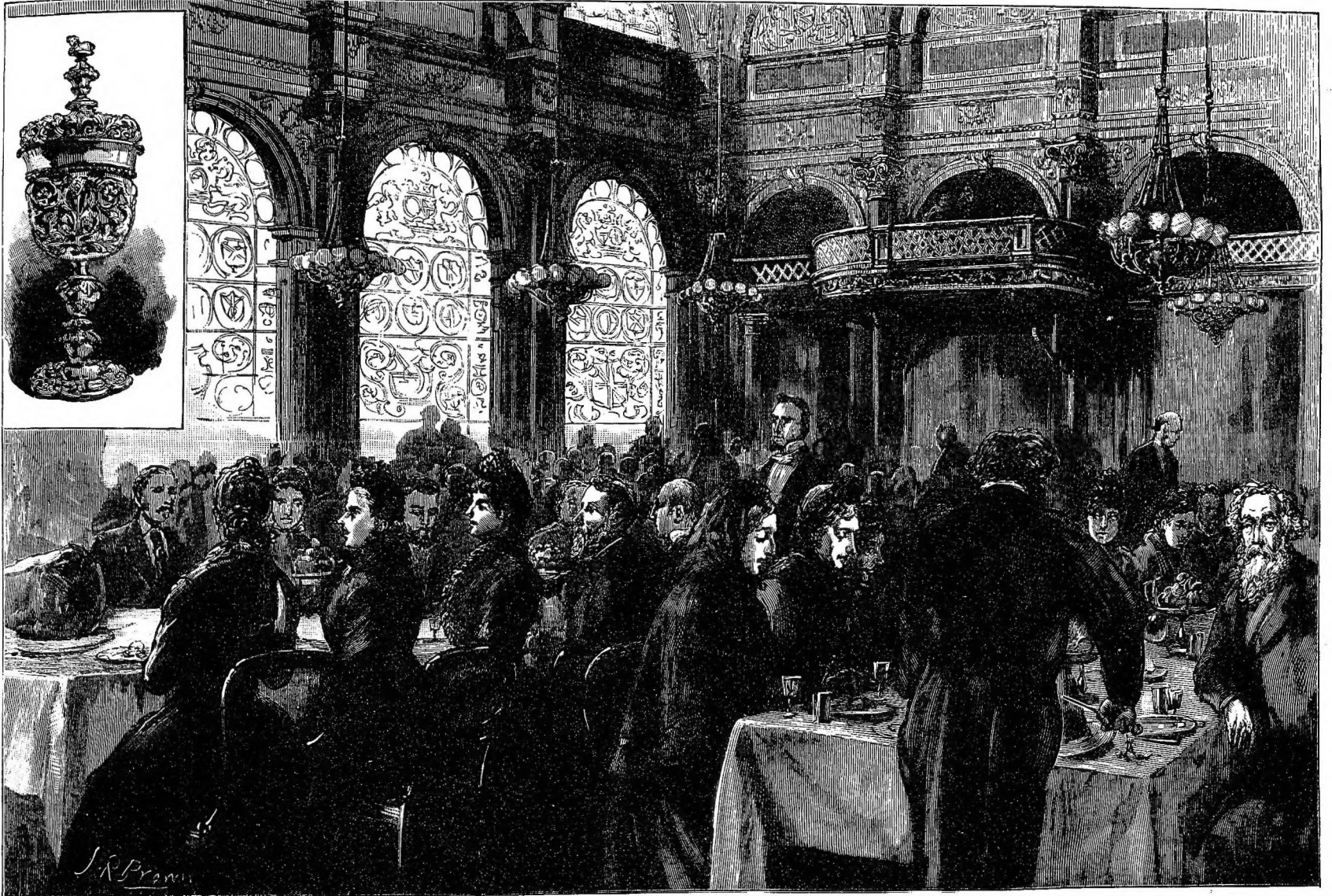
Private,
Infantry
(Full Dress, off duty)



UNIFORMS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY FROM 1797 TO 1857

THE DISARMAMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Pepys Cup. Presented by Samuel
Pepys, Master of the Company



DINNER TO FREEMEN OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY ON ST. THOMAS'S EVE



TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND—NATIVE v. FOREIGNER

FOREIGN

The past year has also witnessed the final retirement of Madame Christine Nilsson, and the fresh announcement has been made of the retirement of Mr. Sims Reeves. 1888 likewise saw the *début* of little Otto Hegner, who is less a "pianoforte prodigy" than a diminutive artist. Otherwise, save those we have mentioned, no great work has been produced, and no especially great vocalist, pianist, violinist, or other executant has appeared. The year has witnessed the rapid rise of Mr. Hamish McCunn, a youth who, although not yet twenty-one, is a composer upon whom enormous expectations are based by those who having, in the course of a long career, seen the wrecking of so many fair hopes, are not accustomed to prophesy without thought or recklessly. Comic opera is a branch of art which appears to be more or less neglected. The productions during 1888 were numerous, but, with one exception, they have either failed altogether, or have succeeded for reasons into which the question of music itself hardly entered. The exception is Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard*, which aims at a far higher standard of merit than comic opera can usually boast, and gives hopes that it may be the forerunner of a school of genuinely English light opera. In regard to *opéra-bouffe* generally, managers appear to be squandering their resources in heavy salaries to artists. If, instead, they could induce intellectual dramatists to write librettos which

might amuse or interest audiences without insulting the intelligence of ordinary playgoers, musicians would follow suit, and genuine comic opera might once more prove an attraction. For the rest, we have only to say, that more than a thousand concerts have been given during the year. The balance of profit and loss, from a financial point of view, is none of our business. The net results as they are likely to influence music have been indicated.

OBITUARY, 1888.—The following, among many others of lesser note, have died during the past year. John Ella, the inventor of analytical programmes and the pioneer of the Musical Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Opera House, Berlin; the following composers, Michaelis (*Turkish Patrol*), Fullerton (*The Lady of the Locket*), Ciro Pinsuti, and E. N. Löhr; many vocalists, among others, Hélène Crosmont, Blanche Cole, Mrs. Seguin, Chaplin Henry, Fancelli, and Henry Corri; Isaac Strauss, conductor of Court Balls to Napoleon III.; Tito Ricordi, publisher of Milan, and his London agents, Mr. Tamplini and Signor Lisei, Parry (Ashdown and Parry), Henry Littleton (Novello), Choudens, Härtel (Breitkopf and Härtel, music publishers, Leipzig); Phasey, inventor of the euphonium; Wornum, Bord, and Henri Herz, pianoforte makers; Alexandre, almost the inventor of the harmonium; Walter Bache and Stephen Heller, pianists; Oluf Svendsen, one of the most popular of flautists; William Chappell, the historian of old English ballads; Emil Naumann, author of an extensive "History of Music," many teachers, among them Carlo Costa (teacher of Signor Tosti), Alard (of Sarasate), Nanni (of Nannetti), Dont (of Leopold Auer), Richard (of Schott), and Béraud (of Mdle. Salla); Carl Riedel, the critic; L. M. Thornton, writer of "The Postman's Knock"; Winn, of St. Paul's; Mrs. Gabriel Davies; Orlando Christian, of Eton; Ralph Percy, once a well-known tenor; and W. Graeff Nicholson, a flautist, and for some years Secretary of the New Philharmonic Society, now defunct.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to *Macbeth*, which was almost inaudible at the Lyceum on Saturday night, will, we understand, very soon be performed at St. James's Hall in concert-guise, at any rate as to the orchestral portions. It is said that the present choral setting of "Come Away" is the second, Sir Arthur having rejected the first as too light, or, at any rate, not sufficiently broad in melody, for the scene.—The Ballad Concerts will begin again this (Saturday) afternoon, and the Popular Concerts will be resumed on Monday next.—Professor Blackie has, it is said, just published a volume upon "Scottish Song."—The *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, a most readable monthly musical paper, has changed its name to the *Musical Herald*.—Professor Niecks's "Life of Chopin," in two gigantic volumes, will be published next week. It contains a smart attack on George Sand.—Herr Pauer has prepared a pianoforte edition of all Beethoven's March movements, of which it appears there are twenty-nine. They have been collected by Sir George Grove.—It is said to be likely that Madame Patti will return to Paris in the spring for a series of performances, and that M. Jean de Reszke will accept a renewed engagement at the Paris Opéra at the greatly increased salary of 600*l.* per month, with liberty to come to England during the opera season.



WITH THE NEW YEAR a Knighthood has been conferred on Mr. Alexander Miller, Q.C.—Mr. A. J. McIntyre, Q.C., has been appointed a Judge of County Courts, on the retirement of Judge Cooke.

THE CORONER is one of the officials the appointment of whom will rest with the new County Councils. A vacancy, however, having occurred in the Coronership of Merionethshire, a number of candidates for it appeared, and were prosecuting a lively canvass, with a view to the usual popular election, when the Lord Chancellor interfered, ordering the appointment to stand over until made by the County Council. In the mean time the coroners of neighbouring counties will hold such inquests as may be found necessary in Merionethshire.

THE EFFECTS are already beginning to be seen of the recent important decision of the Court of Appeal (reported in this column at the time), which affirmed the right of the Justices to refuse to merely applications for new licenses, but the renewal of old licenses, on a simple consideration of the circumstances of a district. At the Flintshire Quarter Sessions this week the Local Government Board Inspector pointed out that in the mining districts of the county the population had largely decreased, while the number of public-houses remained the same, and that many of them might be closed if the decision of the Court of Appeal was correct. A resolution on the subject was, however, withdrawn in consequence of a statement by the Clerk of the Peace that the Licensed Victuallers' Association intended to appeal to the House of Lords against the decision in question.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS COMMITTEE on Poor-Law Relief seem to have had their attention called to the numerous cases in which parents able to provide their children with necessities neglect their duty, and leave their offspring to be cared for by the community, either as the recipients of private charity, or in workhouses, industrial schools, and other philanthropic institutions. A passage to this effect in their Report has led the Local Government Board to issue a circular to Boards of Guardians, pointing out that under Section 37 of the 31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 122, parents willfully neglecting to properly care for the sustenance and health of any child under fourteen may be punished to the extent of six months' imprisonment; and, further, that it is the duty of the Guardians of the district to prosecute any such offender, and to pay out of their funds the cost of the prosecution.

A PAINFUL CASE was that tried at the Oxford City Quarter Sessions this week, when the Rev. Robert H. Baynes, Honorary Canon of Worcester, and formerly Vicar of Holy Trinity, Folkestone, and of St. Michael's, Coventry, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences from Oxford tradesmen and hotel-keepers. The only charge gone into was that he had procured 3*l.* at the Mitre in return for a cheque for that amount on a bank with which he had ceased to have an account, and which returned the cheque. The proprietor of the Mitre admitted that the defendant had been for years a customer, that his credit there was good, and that he could have obtained from it, at any time, four or five pounds on personal security. Further, his brother gave evidence to the effect that the defendant had been for some months in pecuniary embarrassment, that several cheques drawn by him in the same way had been met by the witness, and that in not a single case had the recipients of the cheques lost a penny. The Recorder expressed himself strongly of opinion that the criminal prosecution should never have been instituted, and that the matter was simply one of debt, recourse for the recovery of which should have been to the county court. The jury, however, taking a different view, and finding the defendant guilty, the Recorder, in discharge of a painful duty, sentenced him to four months' imprisonment, and to be kept to such work as the medical officer of the prison might think him capable of performing.



THE TURF.—Neither the attendance nor the sport was quite up to the average on Boxing-Day at Kempton Park. Lady Winifred secured the most important event, the Christmas Hurdle Handicap, and Mr. S. Woodland, jun., rode a couple of winners. Next day, Ireland, steered by Captain Lee-Barber, secured the Qualifying Hunters' Steeplechase, and Intruder the Richmond Handicap Hurdle Race. Matters were somewhat livelier at Four Oaks Park. On Boxing-Day, the Aston Hurdle Handicap fell to Touch-and-Go, and the Arley Hunters' Steeplechase Plate to Melleray. The latter scored again next day in a selling race, and was bought in for 200 guineas. Horses associated with the Green Isle did very well during the week. Ireland's success is noted above, and Coercion and Orangeman won races at Plumpton on the first day. Mr. Abington rode one winner on Friday and two on Saturday, so bids fair to keep up his reputation. The famous Coronet and the notorious Success (who has taken kindly to the jumping business) were among the winners at Manchester on Tuesday. The New Year Handicap Hurdle Race fell to Sophist. Success could only get second to Hollyoak next day in the Maiden Hurdle Race, and Hollyoak in turn was only third to Willie Blair and Gladstone in the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase. Rotherham won the January Hurdle Race, but Graphic, we regret to say, could only get third in the Second Qualifying Steeplechase Plate, which, as there were only three runners, was not a good performance for a horse with such a distinguished appellation.

FOOTBALL.—The Christmas tours of the two crack Southern Clubs have afforded the most interest this week. The Casuals, who were first in the field, began well with a victory over West Manchester, a narrow defeat by Aston Villa, and a victory over Sheffield Club. After that, however, P. M. Walters had to leave them to join the Corinthians, and although in spite of his absence they beat Notts Forest, they have since succumbed to Long Eaton Rangers, Burnley, and Newton Heath.—The Corinthians beat Newton Heath and Newcastle and District, but received an easy and somewhat unexpected defeat from Durham County, and were just beaten by Queen's Park.—In League matches Preston North End have easily defeated West Bromwich Albion and narrowly Blackburn Rovers, and are now practically certain of being the Champion Club. Aston Villa beat Derby County on Saturday and are a good second, and West Bromwich Albion revenged themselves on Stoke. In the last match between those keen rivals, Notts County and Notts Forest, the former were successful.—Rugbywise the "Maoris" sustained their eleventh defeat against Cardiff, and their twelfth against Bradford, but have still a good balance on the right side, with twenty-two victories to their credit. Bradford also beat Halifax, but succumbed to the Fettesian-Lorettonians, who also easily defeated Liverpool. Grant-Asher, the well-known Oxford "half," was playing back for the Scotchmen.

BILLIARDS.—The Aquarium still monopolises all the important matches played in London. There last week Peall, who is probably second only to Roberts as an all-round player, easily defeated Mitchell, by nearly 1,000 points. This week he is attempting to give White 4,500 in 15,000, all in—a difficult task with one who is quite equal to making a thousand or so off the balls. This was proved on Wednesday afternoon, when, after having all the worst of the first two days' play, White came out with a beautiful break of 1,562, which put him well on terms once more. Next week's match will probably draw the largest audiences yet seen this season. Roberts will then make his first appearance, and endeavour to give McNeill 4,500 in 12,000, the spot, of course, being barred. If the Scotchman is in his best form, a good game should result. If otherwise, Roberts, who is the most consistent performer we have, is sure to win easily.

CRICKET.—Close matches seem to be the rule with the Englishmen in South Africa. After losing their first match by 17, they won their second (against Fifteen of Cape Colony) by 11, Mr. C. A. Smith, the captain, being the highest scorer with 46. Mr. J. H. Roberts has been compelled to come home, and Ulyett has gone out to take his place. "Happy Jack" will be a great acquisition, both as batsman and bowler. Indeed, his services with the ball will be badly wanted if the team should meet the Kimberley C.C., which recently knocked up 568 while playing another club belonging to the Diamond Fields.

THE WEATHER RECORD OF 1888

A COLD and dry spring, a wet and cold summer, a dry and sunny autumn, and a mild and moist winter, sum up the weather history of 1888, so far as the British Islands are concerned. Taking the year as a whole, it is one of the coldest of the century, and were it not for the welcome, but quite unexpected, warmth of November and December, almost every month of the year would be below average temperature.

January alone of the early months of the year was a really pleasant month. The number of frosty nights in that month was below average, the rainfall was slight, the sunshine was fair for the season, and the temperature just came up to average. Over the greater part of the British Islands, so far as the month gave promise of an early and pleasant spring, the promise was deceptive; and yet, by way of contrast to the cold which was to follow, it was well to enjoy beforehand a fairly-good winter month.

With February the real winter of the year began. It was throughout a month of sharp cold, wholly given over to the rule of the bitter north-east wind. It resembled January in having but little rain, and it had a fair amount of sunshine, and but little fog; but the things which can be said to the advantage of February there the things which can be said to the disadvantage of winter, must end. It was in no respect a month of opening spring—winter, in its surliest mood, claimed the month for its own. Only twice in the beginning of the month, before its wintry character had quite declared itself, did the thermometer touch 50deg. in London, and, to compensate for that exceptional mildness, the maximum thermometer failed to rise to the freezing-point for three days in succession in the last week of the month.

People who thought that winter had exhausted its possibilities of doing harm when February ended, had a surprise in store for them in March. If February was wintry, March was Arctic. The snow, storms, which had kept themselves in reserve earlier in the year, came forward in full force in March. On March 15th the East Coast from Scotland to London was blocked with snow near New-castle; and at that period of the month almost every part of the British Islands was for a few days snow-covered. The snowstorms of March were also excessive on the continent of Europe from Russia to Spain, while in America both the Canadian and United States' railways were snow-blocked by blizzards of exceptional severity. The rainfall and melted snow of March were above average in the British Islands, the first case of excess for several months.

April also was a very cold month, with but little trace of the genial presence of spring. For the first ten days the thermometer

did not once touch 50deg. in London, while the night temperature fell below the freezing-point on every night of these ten. There was a marked absence of those bright and beautiful days which give a foretaste of the coming summer; and while it generally happens that at least once in April the thermometer touches 70deg. in some part of England, it was only on one or two occasions that it exceeded 60deg. in the cold, ungenial April of 1888. The north-east wind still held its own, and the Channel-passage to France was often wretched in the extreme, through the cold blasts from the Arctic regions.

May was still below average warmth, though it was not such an ungracious and rude May as the May of some recent years, now happily forgotten by most people. It was a very dry month, and people began to have very gloomy forecasts as to the result which the want of rain might have on the growing crops, little thinking that the true danger to the crops of the year would be through too much rain, rather than too little. The north-east wind still held sway, and this accounted both for the continued drought and for the low temperature.

June gave fair promise of summer early in the month. There were one or two days of much warmth, and people began to think that at length the miseries of the year were over, and that we might even have a season like the dry and warm summer of 1887. But yet the omens were not favourable. The north-east wind brought down temperature terribly in the third week of the month, and while the heavy rains which fell in the closing week were all needed by the growing crops, they were the less welcome just at that time when warm sunshine had been so rare. In the North of Scotland, the first week of June had the unpleasant surprise of a general and extensive snow-storm, snow falling for twenty-five consecutive hours at Balmoral on June 2nd and 3rd.

July was a most disappointing month. The rain, which began to fall copiously at the close of June, continued in even greater abundance in July, and the north-east wind also continued with us. The mean temperature of July 11th and 12th was much lower than that of any July days in past years, and the cold was general; for in the far North the first week of July was the coldest July week on record. The cold abated somewhat after the middle of the month, but not the rain, and the month ended with a flood on the 30th, the heaviest day of rain in the year over the South of England. It was a disastrous hay-harvest, nor was there much promise for the ripening grain.

August was an improvement on July, though it was far from perfect. It was not nearly so wet, and it was not exceptionally cold, but its virtues were mainly negative; we rather praised it because it did not wholly ruin the slender hopes of sunshine at the close of summer, than for any real brightness and warmth which it had. There were a few days warmer than any in July, but not one of excessive heat, and the north-east wind, if not wholly gone, had at least relaxed its hold.

September was the one really enjoyable month of the year; the rains of July and August quite ceased from the very beginning of the month; the British farmer, who had nearly despaired of reaping any harvest at all, not only reaped a fairly good harvest, all things considered, but secured it under bright and sunny skies, worthy of summer at its best; and in Scotland the weather was even finer than in the South, a perfect month for the tourist.

October was also a favourable month, though not so good as September; its first week gave rise to an unpleasant suspicion that the winter might be early and severe. The frosts and snows of the first week were more severe in many parts of England than any experienced since that date up to the close of the year. Happily the cold did not continue; if it had done so, October would have been absolutely the coldest October on record; but before the close of the month there came an entire change, and the warmth of the last week was altogether exceptional.

November was a month of storm and rain, and above all it was a month of high temperature. It brought in a period during which the summer and autumn flowers, which had failed to show themselves to advantage at their proper time, put on their most attractive appearance at the duldest season, and the fields were even greener than they were in May and June. November, 1881, was another such month, and, like the November of this year, it closed a season in which almost every month was below average temperature.

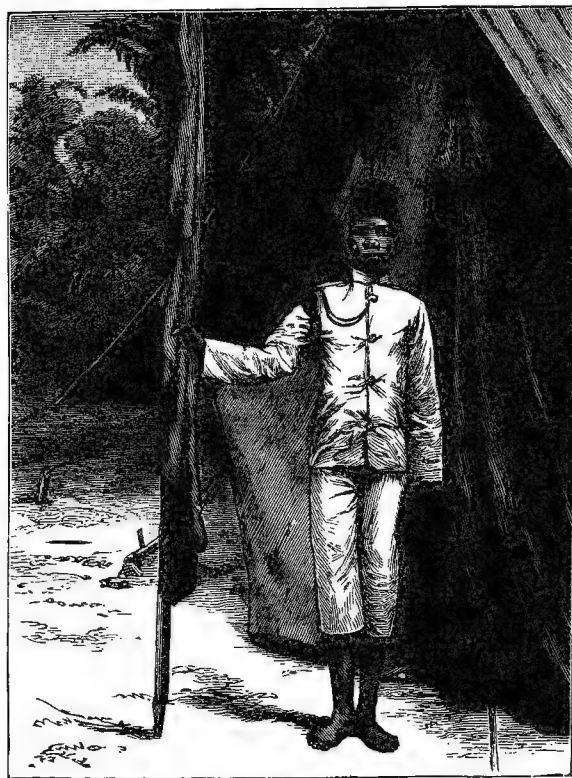
December was a little more wintry in its character than November, but not much. Frost was nearly unknown in many parts of England till the month was well advanced, but unfortunately fog was very prevalent, for the storms of November had ceased to blow, and in the absence of fresh winds the fog came in and took possession. Not so wet as November, December was still in many places a rainy month, but just at the close it seemed as if the wet and mild winter were soon to give place to something more seasonable.

A. C.

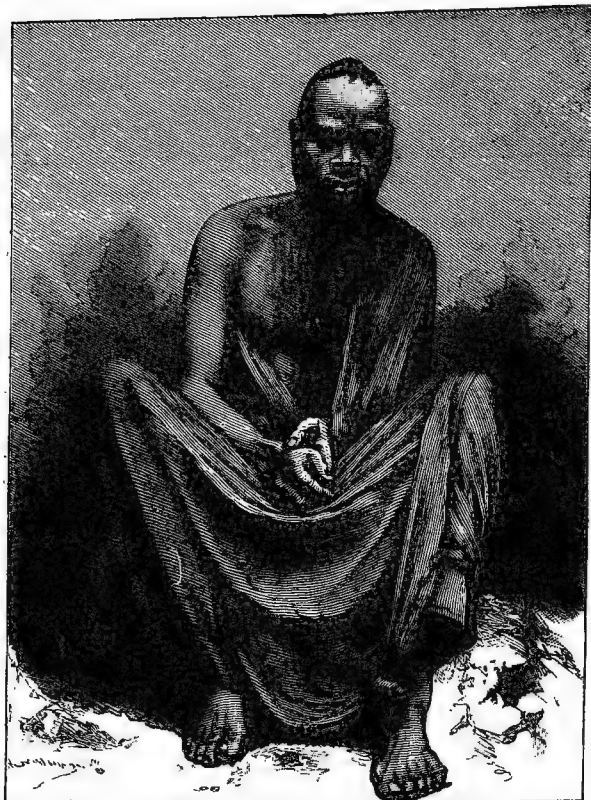
THE STUART EXHIBITION

BOTH from an historical and an artistic point of view, the Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart, just opened at the New Gallery, will be found in the highest degree interesting. A more comprehensive collection illustrating the history of a dynasty has, perhaps, never been brought together. Besides a vast assemblage of historical documents, coins, medals, autographs, costumes, and other personal relics, it contains some two hundred portraits, most of them bearing the unmistakable stamp of authenticity. Among those of very early date, two small half-lengths of "James IV." and his wife "Margaret Tudor," by Holbein, are infinitely the best. Both are good examples of the painter's work, but that of the Queen, who is seen to have been a lady of ample form, bearing a strong resemblance to her royal brother, is the more characteristic of the two. Passing several fairly good pictures of "James V." and "Mary of Guise," we come to a series of nineteen portraits of and their ill-fated daughter, "Mary, Queen of Scots." One of the earliest and most attractive of them is the famous "Le Deuil Blanc," painted by Janet—probably in Paris—soon after the death of Francis II. A stately full-length by Zuccherro, and another by Mytens, strike us as the best of the numerous portraits of the Queen of later date. The facial character in all of them is the same, and they all show that the influence she exercised over her adherents was not greatly due to her physical beauty.

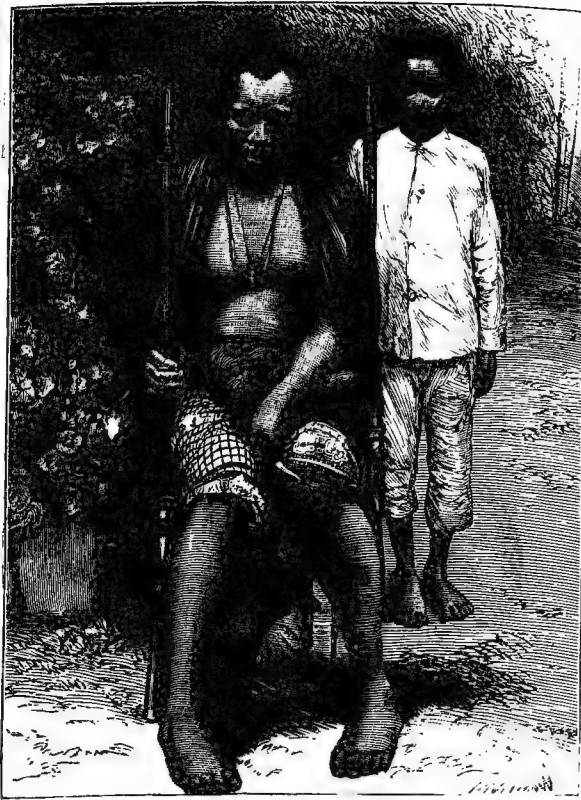
A large picture representing James I. of England as a child kneeling at the tomb of his father Darley, attributed to Lucas de Heere, is historically interesting, but has not much value as a work of art. Several pictures professing to represent the pedantic monarch at various periods of his career are so very unlike each other that they cannot all be authentic portraits. Among the numerous portraits of "Charles I." Henrietta Maria, and other members of the family by Van Dyck, are many masterpieces, but they have all been exhibited at the Academy or the Grosvenor Gallery within the last few years. By W. Dobson there is a life-sized portrait of the King, of great excellence; and by the French painter Claude Lefevre an admirable three-quarter length of the widowed Queen, Lefevre an admirable expression on her aged face. In a quaint and curious picture, by an unknown Dutch painter, Charles II. is seen dancing with his hat on at a ball at the Hague. Among many other portraits of him is one by Sir Peter Lely, in which all the peculiarities of his swarthy and ill-favoured face are depicted with uncompromising fidelity. There are two small portraits of "Mary II." and one of "Queen Anne." The descendants of James II., in



CONSULAR STAFF—A STANDARD BEARER



CHIEF MPAMA—YAO TRIBE



CHIEF KATUNGA—MAKOLOLO TRIBE



CONSULAR STAFF—THE "KILAUGOSI," OR LEADER OF THE CARAVAN



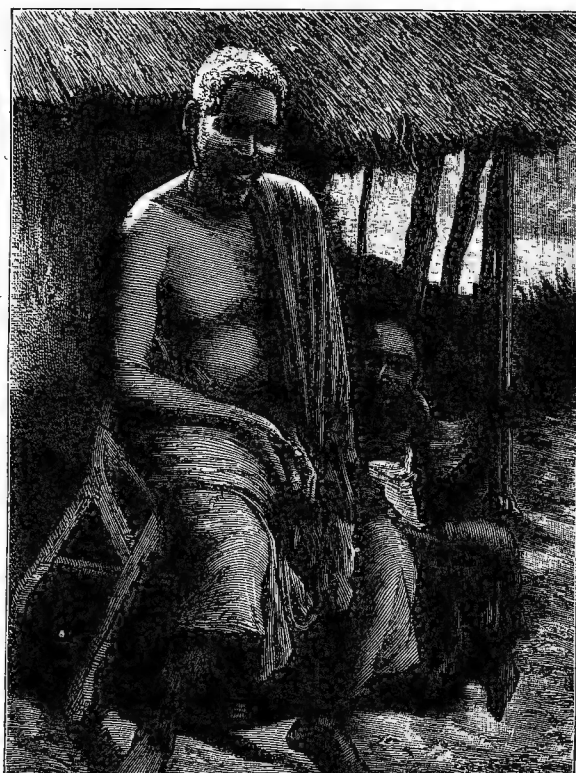
A MANGANJA WOMAN



CHIEF KAFISI—ANGONI TRIBE



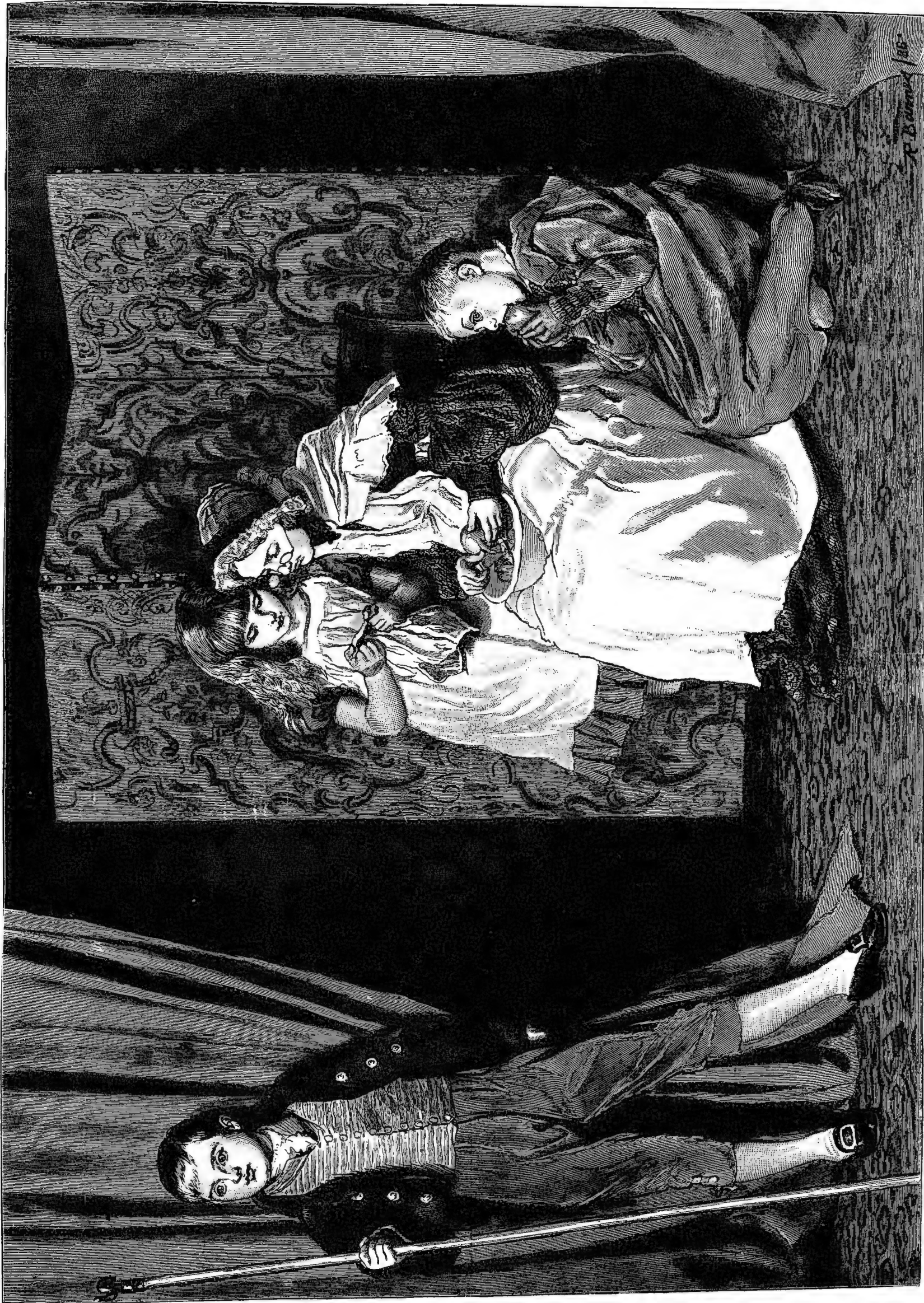
CHIEF MALUNGA—YAO TRIBE



CHIEF MILETA AND HIS SON—YAO TRIBE



CONSULAR STAFF—AN ORDERLY



NURSERY TABLEAUX FOR CHILDREN—THE SEWING LESSON

the male line, are largely represented. Of many portraits of the younger Pretender "Prince Charles Edward," one by an unknown painter representing him in his old age, with a vacant expression on his sensuous face, is the most characteristic, and probably the most faithful. The portraits of his brother Henry, the Cardinal, are also indicative of feeble intellect and infirmity of purpose.

The miniatures, of which there are many in the collection, are full of interest; but most of them, like the coins and medals, are too small to be advantageously seen in their present position. Of the personal relics, none are likely to attract more attention than the oaken chair on which Charles I. sat during his trial, and the two shirts that he wore at his execution. There are, however, many objects that, apart from the associations connected with them, have great beauty. They include many articles of jewellery of delicate workmanship; a ciborium and cover of copper gilt, given by Mary, Queen of Scots, to Sir James Balfour of Burleigh; and an exquisitely wrought tazza in Limoges enamel, bearing her arms with the Dauphin Crown. The catalogue has been carefully compiled, and contains a large number of very interesting historical notes by Mr. F. G. Stephens.



I.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, in the *Nineteenth Century*, brings forcibly before the mind the dangers incidental to our present position of national naval unpreparedness, under the heading "The British Fleet and the State of Europe." He thinks the danger of a rupture between France and Germany a remote possibility; while the temptation we afford our neighbours to attack us he regards as a great one. With reference to this question of a war with France he observes on the oft-used argument, "We don't want to fight," that "that is no reason why France, seeing such a magnificent opportunity afforded her, in the next two or three years should not take advantage of a campaign where she has everything to gain and nothing to lose." As to the Italian alliance, Lord Charles holds that a war of Italy and Britain against France, would probably be "the end of Italy," and for England he says, "The temporary stoppage of her food supply, or even the loss of two battles, might bring about events causing her destruction as an Empire." At the end of this Review Mr. Gladstone writes in terms of warm eulogy of Daniel O'Connell. In all the separate phases of his life and action he observes that the Irish Liberator was "remarkable," but their combination into a whole, and his character as a human being, make him especially worthy of study and admiration. Besides these papers we have in the *Nineteenth*, "Isolation, or Survival of the Unfittest," by the Duke of Argyll; "The Decay of Lying," by Mr. Oscar Wilde; and "Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth," by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

"War" is the subject which Lord Wolseley has chosen for interesting comment in this month's *Fortnightly*. His remarks are based on Colonel Maurice's article in the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He points out the danger of relying upon tradition, rather than common sense, in educating our soldiers, and that it will go hard with a nation that does not make tactics conform to the arms of the day, and to the varying conditions under which war is made and battles fought and won. In the battles of the future, Lord Wolseley tells us, "One remarkable change will be the absence of nearly all that terrific noise which the discharge of five or six hundred field guns and the roar of musketry caused in all great battles." There will, in fact, be no more marching on the

"battle-thunder."—Mr. W. H. Mallock is very thoughtful and suggestive in his paper on "The Scientific Bases of Optimism," where he deals with Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent "Apologia pro Fide Nostra." With regard to the theory of gratitude to ancestral benefactors, Mr. Mallock points out what happens with contemporary benefactors. We owe tea to the Chinese. "Now," he asks, "does benefactors. We care for them as little as they care for us. Chinese? If we feel so little about remote benefactors who are living, we shall hardly feel more about remote benefactors who are dead." He is of opinion also that few men use a scuttle of coal the less because of the dearth of that commodity which may come on posterity. —Well worth perusal is Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Ibsen's Social Dramas." In the seven social dramas of which he treats here, he holds that "Singular greatness is to be recognised;" while he uses the epithets "sweet" and "flute-like" of Ibsen's older lyrics. He claims for him a place among foremost nineteenth-century writers.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's rhetorical onslaught on Liberal Unionists is abundantly answered, in this month's *Contemporary*, by the Duke of Argyll with "A Reply to our Appellant." This paper is a very able and valuable statement of the Unionist objection to the Separatist position. "They ask us," says his Grace, in conclusion, "to place unlimited confidence in their wisdom and sagacity in devising some new British Constitution, of which all we know is that it must be wholly unlike anything we have known before. They ask us to make a 'cock-shy'—not of some scheme of our own—but of the whole system of Government which has been the rich inheritance of a thousand years. We must tell them plainly that neither in righteousness, nor in wisdom, can we trust them, after the exhibition they have made, and are now making of themselves—in both these great spheres of capacity and of character."—The address delivered by Sir Frederick Leighton at the Liverpool Art Congress has been revised by its author, and now appears in the *Contemporary* under the heading "Art in England." With reference to what he says "we mysteriously describe as 'Art furniture,'" he observes "that the absence of living forms imparts to much of the furniture now made in England, unsurpassed as it is in regard to delicacy and finish of handiwork, and frequently elegant in design, a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism, which prevents it taking that rank in the province of applied art to which it might and should aspire."—There are other interesting papers—"Emile Zola," by Mrs. Crawford, "The Cambridge Apostles of 1830," by Miss Julia Wedgwood, and "Chaos in the House of Commons," by Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P.

The most valuable paper in this month's *National* is "The Value of the Chinese Alliance," by Mr. Demetrius Boulger. Among all possible allies for England he holds that none is more likely to play a useful and determined part than China. If England and China acted together in a war with Russia, the defeat of the latter Power would be a mathematical certainty.—Lady Magnus should be read on "The Higher Education of Women." Her point of view may be estimated from the fact that she does not admire the "much-examined maiden who shall be a more or less unpleasing imitation of an unpleasing masculine mediocrity."

To *Blackwood* Sir Theodore Martin contributes a graceful and spirited translation of Schiller's "Hero and Leander."—The demands of the season are not forgotten, for we have "Christmas Eve on a Haunted Hulk," where the blood-curdling and the eerie are cleverly worked up.—"Notes from the Congo" is more matter-of-fact, and the writer gives a lot of interesting detail about the river so much associated with Stanley's name.—There is also a good biographical criticism of the career of "The Emperor Frederick."

Under the heading "A Practical Philanthropist and His Work," Dr. Knight writes in *Macmillan* of Jean Baptist André Godin, who did so much for the social improvement and well-being of French

mechanics.—A capital paper is contributed to this periodical by Mr. Goldwin Smith on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics," in which he endeavours to estimate the view of the poet on great practical questions of living interest.

The frontispiece of the *Woman's World* is of "Madame Grand (Princess De Talleyrand)," who must have been a striking-looking lady. About her career Miss A. De Grasse Stephens writes a readable article.—Very amusing and most humorously illustrated by Gordon Browne is "Political Women, from the M.P.'s Point of View." Pretty, too, is "Furmica; or, the Queen of the Ants," which is a legend of the Carpathians told by the Royal writer, "Carmen Sylva."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a photograph of Sir John Millais' painting of "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P." "Mr. Gladstone and His Portraits" forms the subject of an exhaustively illustrated article, by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid.—What should be an interesting addition to press literature is Mr. C. N. Williamson's "Illustrated Journalism in England." This installment of the series deals with "Its Rise," and contains seven illustrations from the original journals.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an etching by Mr. L. Muller, from a painting by Mr. Fred. Morgan, a pretty picture of life and movement on a village bridge about the beginning of this century. Mr. Francis Sitwell contributes a generally interesting and illustrated article, "Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Painting."—Mr. Richard Davey asks the question:—"Was Mary Stuart beautiful?" His answer is that she was rather handsome and fascinating than beautiful, although, as a girl and very young woman, she must have been transcendently lovely. However, the illustrations of the paper afford its readers an opportunity of judging for themselves.

There are some neat verses in the *Scottish Art Review*, "Old Morality," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, of which we quote two:—

Ease, bliss, and beauty, which teget
A sensual faith in things that be,
Are like a blossoming garden set
Down by the sea.
They flourish, till some night-wind blows
The swelling tide across the land,
And buries tulip, pink, and rose
In salt and sand.

Scribner is, as usual, full of solid, entertaining matter. From a sensible article on "The Ethics of Controversy," by Mr. George P. Fisher, we extract the following illustrative anecdote. Dr. Emmons of Franklin, New England, after sending out from his rural parish a printed sermon on the Atonement, received from a magisterial metropolitan divine the following note:—"May 1st. My dear Brother,—I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it." To which the following answer, equally laconic, was immediately returned:—"May 3rd. Dear Sir,—I have read your letter, and laughed at it. Yours, NATH'L EMMONS."

The Library Association have published for January the first number of a new monthly, the *Library*. It is tastefully put together, costs eightpence, contains much to attract bibliophiles, and opens with an article on "A Forgotten Book of Travels," by Mr. Austin Dobson.

M. Farnand-Drujon writes in *Le Livre* an article with the quaint title, "De la Destruction Volontaire des Livres du Bibliolytie," which contains a great amount of bibliographical lore. Printers and publishers may, perhaps, find suggestive matter in "Le Livre Harmonieux."

We have also received the first number of *National Righteousness*. Its price is twopence, it is edited by Mr. B. Broomhall, and it treats of such things as the Opium Traffic, the Drink Traffic in Africa, and so on.

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I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

4, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London
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Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

Yours truly, J. HILL.

From the RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.
I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most cerymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably.
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BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

7, Lilybank Gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.

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Yours truly (Signed), ALEX. FREW.

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Gentlemen,—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying to their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) P. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,
M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London.

January 18th, 1888.

Denby House, Bushy Park, Bristol
March 3, 1888.

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Edwyn Ralph Rectory,
Bromyard, Worcester.

Dear Sirs,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a-half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.

I am, faithfully yours,
(Signed) E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN.

December 24th, 1887.

Abercainry, Crieff, N.B.
January 30th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with troublesome cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.—Yours truly,

(Signed) F. HARDIE.

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3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington.
March 22, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach.

46, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staffs.
December 30, 1887.

Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN MEENEY.

18, Hampden Street, Birmingham,
March 26th, 1888.

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Yours very faithfully
(Signed) J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S.

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The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

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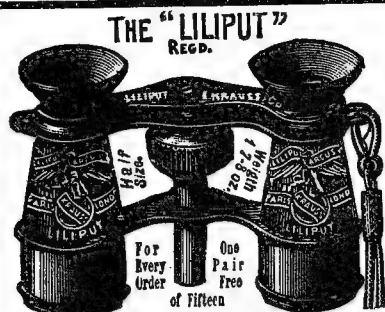
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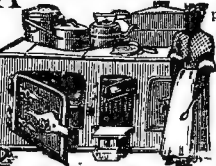
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DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTHNALL

Her heart stopped beating for a moment as she read the Cambridge University telegram.

“THE TENTS OF SHEM”

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE DARK CONTINENT

Two young men of most Britannic aspect sat lounging together in long wicker chairs, on the balcony of the English Club at Algiers. They had much reason. It was one of those glorious days, by no means rare, when the sky and climate of the city on the Sahel reach absolute perfection. The wisteria was draping the parapet of the balcony with its profuse tresses of rich amethyst blossom; the long and sweeping semicircle of the bay gleamed like a peacock's neck in hue, or a brilliant opal with its changeful iridescence; and the snow-clad peaks of the Djurjura in the background rose high in the air, glistening white and pink in the reflected glory of the afternoon sun. But the two young men of Britannic aspect, gazing grimly in front of them, made no comment to one another on the beauty and variety of that basking scene. How could they, indeed? They had not been introduced to one another! To admire nature, however obtrusive, in company with a man to whom you have not been introduced is a social solecism. So they sat and lounged, and stroked their moustaches reflectively, and looked at the palm-trees, and the orange-groves, and the white Moorish villas that stud the steep, smiling slopes of Mustapha Supérieur, in the solemn silence of the true-born Englishman.

They might have sat there for ever and said nothing (in which case the world must certainly have lost this present narrative) had

not the felt presence of a Common Want impelled them at last spasmodically to a conversational effort.

"I beg your pardon, but do you happen to have a light about you?" the elder of the two said, in an apologetic voice, drawing a cigar, as he spoke, from the neat little morocco-case in his pocket.

"Curious, but I was just going to ask you the very same thing," his younger companion answered, with a bashful smile. "I've finished my last vesuvium. Suppose we go into the smoking-room and look for a match. Can you tell me where, in this abode of luxury, the smoking-room finds itself?"

"Why, I haven't yet investigated the question," the other replied, rising from his seat as he spoke, "but I'm open to conviction. Let's go and see. My trade's exploring."

"Then I take it for granted you're a new-comer, like myself, as you don't know your way about the club-rooms yet?"

"You put your finger plump on the very point," the elder answered, opening a door on the left in search of the common need. "I have been in this Algiers only yesterday evening."

"Another coincidence! Precisely my case. I crossed by last night's boat from Marseilles. Ah, here's the smoking-room! May I offer you a light? P'f, p'f, p'f. Thanks, that'll do very well, I think. . . . And how do you feel to-day, after that terrible journey?"

The elder Briton smiled a somewhat grim and restrained smile. He was tall and fair, but much bronzed with the sun. "Never had

such a tossing in all my life before," he answered, quietly. "A horrid voyage. Swaying to and fro from side to side till I thought I should fall off, and be lost to humanity. Talk of the good ship plunging on the sea, indeed, as Theo Marzials does in that rollicking song of his; any other ship I ever sailed on's the merest trifle to it."

"And when did you leave England?" his companion went on, with a polite desire, commendable in youth, to keep up the successfully inaugurated conversation. "You weren't on the *Abd-el-Kader* with us from Marseilles, on Tuesday."

"When did I leave England?" the new acquaintance answered, with a faint twinkle in his eye, amused at the chance of a momentary mystification. "I left England last October, and I've been ever since getting to Algiers. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*"

"Goodness gracious! By what route?" the youth with the dark moustache inquired, distrusting the Latin, and vaguely suspecting some wily attempt to practise upon his tender years and credulity.

"By the land-route from Tunis, back of the desert, *via* Biskra and Laghouat."

"So I did. Never felt such a tossing in the world before. But

"So I did. Never felt such a tossing in the world before. It wasn't the sea; it was the ship of the desert. I came here, as far as Blidah at least, true Arab-wise, see-saw, on camel-back."

The dark young man puffed away at his weed for a moment

The dark young man puffed away at his weed.

vigorously, in deep contemplation. He was a shy person who didn't like to be taken in; and he strongly suspected his new acquaintance of a desire to humbug him. "What were you doing?" he asked at last, in a more constrained voice, after a short pause.

"Picking flowers," was the curt and unexpected answer.

"Oh, come now, you know," the dark young man expostulated, with a more certain tone, for he felt he was being hoaxed. "A fellow doesn't go all the way to the desert, of all places in the world, just for nothing else but to pick flowers."

"Excuse me, a fellow does, if he happens to be a fellow in the flower and beetle business, which is exactly my own humble but useful avocation."

"Why, surely, there aren't any flowers there. Nothing but sand, and sunset, and skeletons."

"Pardon me. I've been there to see. Allow me to show you. I'll just go and fetch that portfolio over there." And he opened it in the sunlight. "Here are a few little water-colour sketches of my desert acquaintances."

The dark young man glanced at them with some languid curiosity. An artist by trade himself, here at least he knew his ground. He quaked and trembled before no dawdling amateur. Turning over the first two or three sheets attentively,

"Well, you can draw," he said at last, after a brief scrutiny. "I don't know whether flowers like those grow in the desert or not—I should rather bet on *not*, of the two—but I'm a painter myself, and I know at any rate you can paint them excellently, as amateurs go."

"My one accomplishment," the explorer answered, with a pleased expansion of the corners of his mouth;—it is human to receive approbation gratefully from those who know. "I couldn't sketch a scene or draw a figure with tolerable accuracy to save my life; but I understand the birds, and creeping things, and flowers; and sympathy, I suppose, makes me draw them at least sympathetically."

"Precisely so. That's the very word," the artist went on, examining each drawing he turned over with more and more care. "Though your *technique's* amateurish, of course, I can see you know the flowers, their tricks and their manners, down to the very ground. But tell me now; do these things really grow in the desert?"

"On the oases, yes. The flowers there are quite brilliant and abundant. Like the Alpine flora, they seem to grow loveliest near their furthest limit. Butterfly-fertilised. But what brings you to Algeria so late in the season? All the rest of the world is turning its back now upon Africa, and hurrying away to Aix-les-Bains, and Biarritz, and Switzerland, and England. You and I will be the only people, bar Arabs and Frenchmen (who don't count), left here for the summer."

"What, are you going to stop the summer here too?"

"Well, not in Algiers itself," the explorer answered, flicking his boot with his cane for an imaginary dust-spot. "I've been baked enough in the desert for the last six months to cook a turtle, and I'm going over yonder now, where ices grow free, for coolness and refreshment." And he waved his hand, with a sweep across the sapphire semicircle of the glassy bay, to the great white block of rearing mountains that rose with their sheet of virgin snow against the profound azure of an African sky in the far background.

"What, to Kabylie?" the artist exclaimed, with a start of surprise.

"To Kabylie, yes. The very place. You've learnt its name and its fame already then?"

"Why, I see in this the finger of fate," the artist answered, with more easy confidence. "We have here in fact a third coincidence. It's in Kabylie that I, too, have decided on spending the summer. Perhaps, as you seem to know the way, we might manage to start on our tour together."

"But what are you going for?" the elder man continued, with an amused air.

"Oh, just to paint. Nothing more than that. The country and the people; new ground for the exhibitions. Spain's used up: so some fellows in England who know the markets advised me to go to Kabylie on an artistic exploring expedition. From our point of view, you see, it's unbroken ground, they say, or almost unbroken: and everything civilised has been so painted up, and painted down, and painted round about, of late years, by every one everywhere, that one's glad to get a hint of the chance of finding some unhackneyed subject in a corner of Africa. Besides, they tell me it's all extremely *naïve*; and I like *naïveté*. That's my line in art. I'm in quest of the unsophisticated. I paint simplicity."

"You'll find your sitter in Kabylie then: *naïveté* rampant and simplicity with a vengeance," the explorer answered. "It's quite untouched and unvarnished as yet by any taint or tinge of Parisian civilisation. The aboriginal Kabyles haven't even learnt the A B C of French culture—to sit at an estaminet and play dominoes."

"So much the better. That's just what I want. Unvarnished man. The antique vase in real life. And I'm told the costumes are almost Greek in their naturalness."

"Quite Greek, or even more so," the explorer replied; "though perhaps, considering its extreme simplicity, we ought rather to say, even less so. But where do you mean to stop, and how to travel? Accommodation in Ancient Greece, you know, wasn't exactly luxurious."

"Oh, I'll just set out from Algiers by diligence, I suppose, and put up for a while at some little hotel in the country villages."

The explorer's face could not resist a gentle smile of suppressed merriment. "An hotel, my dear sir!" he said, with surprise. "An hotel in Kabylie! You'll find it difficult, I'm afraid, to meet with the article. Except at Fort National, which is a purely French settlement, where you could study only the common or French Zouave engaged in his familiar avocations of playing bowls and sipping absinthe, there's not such a thing as a cabaret, a lodging, a wayside inn, in the whole block of mountain country. Strangers who want to explore Kabylie may go if they like to the house of the village headman, the *amine* as they call him, where you may sup off a nasty mess of pounded *kous-kous*, and sleep at night on a sort of shelf or ledge among the goats and the cattle. Government compels every *amine* to provide one night's board and entertainment for any European traveller who cares to demand it. But the entertainment provided is usually so very varied and so very lively that those who have tried it once report on it unfavourably. *Verbum sap.* It's too entomological. When you go to Kabylie, don't do as the Kabyles do."

"But how do you mean to manage yourself?" the artist asked, with the prudence of youth. He was nettled at having made so stupid a mistake at the very outset about the resources of the mountains, and not quite certain that he grasped the meaning of *verbum sap.* (his Latin being strictly a negative quantity), so he took refuge in the safe device of a question that turned the tables. "I came to Algiers hoping to pick up some information as to ways and means as soon as I got here; and since you seem to know the ropes so well, perhaps you'll give a raw hand the benefit of your riper experience."

"Oh, I have my tent," the traveller answered, with the quiet air of a man who has made his way alone about the world. "It's a first-rate tent for camping-out in; it's supplied with the electric light, a hydraulic lift, hot water laid on, and all the latest modern improvements—metaphorically speaking," he hastened to add by an afterthought, for he saw his companion's large grey eyes opening wider and wider with astonishment each moment. "It's awfully

comfortable, you know, as deserts go; and I could easily rig up a spare bed; so if you really mean to paint in Kabylie, and will bear a share in the expenses of carriage, it might suit both our books, a share in the expenses of carriage, it might suit both our books, perhaps, if you were to engage my furnished apartments. For I'm not overburdened with spare cash myself—no naturalist ever is—and I'm by no means above taking in a lodger, if any eligible person presents himself at the tent with good references and an unblemished character. Money not so much an object as congenial society in a respectable family."

It was a kind offer, playfully veiled under the cloak of mutual accommodation, and the painter took it at once as it was meant. "How very good of you," he said. "I'm immensely obliged. Nothing on earth would suit my plans better, if it wouldn't be trespassing too much on your kind hospitality."

"Not at all," the explorer answered, with a good-humoured nod. "Don't mention that. To say the truth, I shall be glad of a companion. The Arab palls after a month or two of his polite society. And I love Art, too, though I don't pretend myself to understand it. We'll talk the matter over a little, as to business arrangements, over a cup of coffee, and, I dare say, when we've compared notes, we shall manage to hit things off comfortably together."

"May we exchange cards?" the artist asked, pulling out a silver-bound case from his breast-pocket, and handing one of its little regulation pasteboards to his new friend.

The explorer glanced at it, and read the name, "Vernon Blake, Gresholm Road, Guildford."

"I've no card of my own," he made answer, as he pocketed it; "in the desert, you see, cards were of very little use; Bedouins don't drop them on one another. But my name's Le Marchant—Eustace Le Marchant, of Jersey, beetle-sticker."

"Oh, but I know your name," Blake cried eagerly, delighted to show himself not wholly ignorant of a distinguished naturalist. "You're an F.R.S., aren't you? Ah, yes, I thought so. I've seen notices of you often in the paper, I'm sure, as having gone somewhere and found out something. Do you know, if I'd only known that before, I think I should have been afraid to accept your kind offer. I'm an awfully ignorant sort of fellow myself—far too ignorant to go camping out with an F.R.S. in the wilds of Africa."

"If being an F.R.S. is the worst crime you can bring to my charge," Le Marchant answered with a smile, "I dare say we shall pull together all very well. And if you meet no worse society than F.R.S.'s in the wilds of Africa, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, your luck will have been very exceptional indeed. But I don't think you need be much afraid of me. I'm an F.R.S. of the mildest type. I never call anything by its longest and ugliest Latin name: I never bore other people with interesting details of anatomical structure: I never cut up anything alive (bar oysters); and I never lecture, publicly or privately, to anybody, anywhere, on any consideration. There are two kinds of naturalists, you know: and I'm one of the wrong kind. The superior class live in London or Paris, examine everything minutely with a great big microscope, tack on inches of Greek nomenclature to an insignificant mite or bit of moss, and split hairs against anybody with marvellous dexterity. That's science. It dwells in a museum. For my part I detest it. The inferior class live in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, as fate or fancy carries; and, instead of looking at everything in a dried specimen, go out into the wild woods with rifle on shoulder, or box in hand, and observe the birds, and beasts, and green things of the earth, as God made them, in their own natural and lovely surroundings. That's natural history, old-fashioned, simple, common-place, natural history; and I, for my part, am an old-fashioned naturalist. I've been all winter watching the sandy-grey creatures on the sandy-grey desert, preparing for my great work on 'Structure and Function,' and now, through the summer, I want to correct and correlate my results by observing the plants, and animals, and insects of the mountains in Kabylie. To tell you the truth, I think I shall like you—for I, too, have a taste for simplicity. If you come with me, I can promise you sport and healthy fare, and make you comfortable in my furnished apartments. Let's descend to details—for this is business—and we must understand exactly what each of us wants before either of us binds himself down formally for five months to the other. Alphonse, a couple of coffees and two *petits verres* at once, here, will you?"

And by the clarifying aid of a cigar and a *chasse-café*, it was finally decided, before the evening sun flushed the Djurjura purple, and turned the white Arab walls to pink, that Vernon Blake should accompany Eustace Le Marchant, on almost nominal terms as to the sharing of expenses, on his summer trip to the mountains of Grande Kabylie.

CHAPTER II.

HONOURS

SOMEWHERE about the same time, away over in England, Iris Knyvett sat one morning at lunch, drumming with her fingers on the table before her that particular tattoo which the wisdom of our ancestors ascribed to the author of all evil.

Iris Knyvett, herself, would, no doubt, have been very much astonished if only she could have been told, by some prescient visitor, that her own fate was in any way bound up with the proposed expedition of two unknown young men, from the English Club at Algiers, into the wilds of Kabylie. She had hardly heard (save in the catalogue of the Institute) the name of Vernon Blake; while Eustace Le Marchant's masterly papers, before the Linnean Society, on the Longicorn Beetles of the Spice Islands, had never roused her girlish enthusiasm, or quickened her soul to a fiery thirst for the study of entomology. And yet, if she had but known it, Iris Knyvett's whole future in life depended utterly, as so often happens with every one of us, on the casual encounter of those two perfect strangers among the green recesses of the North African mountains.

In absolute ignorance of which profound truth, Iris Knyvett herself went on drumming with her fingers impatiently on the table, and leaving the filleted sole on her plate to grow cold, unheeded, in the cool shade of a fair lady's neglect.

"Iris, my dear," Mrs. Knyvett said, sharply, with a dry cough, "why don't you eat your lunch? Your appetite's frightful. What makes you go on hammering away at that dreadful tattoo so?"

Iris's eyes came back with a bound from a point in space lying apparently several thousand miles behind the eminently conventional Venetian scene that hangs above the sideboard in every gentleman's dining-room. "I can't eat anything, I really think, mamma," she said, with a slight sigh, "till I've had that telegram."

Mrs. Knyvett helped herself to a second piece of filleted sole and its due proportion of anchovy sauce with great deliberation, before she answered slowly, "Oh, so you're expecting a telegram?"

"Yes, mamma," Iris replied, with scarcely a shade of reasonable vexation on her pretty face. "Don't you remember, dear, I told you my tutor promised to telegraph to me?"

"Your tutor! oh, did he?" Mrs. Knyvett went on, with polite acquiescence, letting drop her *pince-nez* with a dexterous elevation of her arched eyebrows. The principal feature of Mrs. Knyvett's character, indeed, was a Roman nose of finely developed proportions; but it was one of those insipid Roman noses which stand for birth alone—which impart neither dignity, firmness, nor strength to a face, but serve only to attest their owner's aristocratic antecedents. Mrs. Knyvett's was useful mainly to support her *pince-nez*, but as her father had been the Dean of a Southern cathedral, it also managed incidentally to support the credit of her family. "Oh,

did he," Mrs. Knyvett repeated after a pause, during which Iris continued to tattoo uninterruptedly. "That was very kind of him." Though why on earth, or concerning what, he should wish to telegraph, Mrs. Knyvett, who had never been told more than five hundred times before, had really not the slightest conception.

"Not *he*, mamma. You must surely remember I've reminded you over and over again that my tutor's name is Emily Vanrenen."

"Then why does she sign herself 'E. Vanrenen, B.A. and D.Sc.'? I wonder?" Mrs. Knyvett went on, with dreamy uncertainty. "A Doctor of Science ought surely to be a man? And Bachelor of Arts, too—Bachelor of Arts. Bachelors and spinsters are getting too mixed, too mixed altogether."

Iris was just going to answer something, gently as was her wont, in defence of the mixture, when a rap at the door made her jump up hastily. "That must be the telegram!" she cried, with a tremor, and darted off to the door in a vigorous dash that sufficiently showed her Girtton training had at least not quite succeeded in crushing the life out of her.

"Iris, Iris!" her mother called after her in horror; "let Jane answer the door, my dear. This unseemly procedure—and at lunch time, too—is really quite unpardonable. In my time girls—"

But Iris was well out of hearing long since, and Mrs. Knyvett was forced to do penance vicariously herself on her daughter's account to the offended fetish of the British drawing-room.

In another minute the bright young girl had come back, crest-fallen, ushering in before her a stout and rosy-faced middle-aged gentleman, also distinguished by a Roman nose to match, and dressed with the scrupulous and respectable neatness of the London barrister.

"It's only Uncle Tom," she cried, disappointed.

"Only Uncle Tom?" the stout, red-faced gentleman echoed, good-humouredly. "Well, for taking the conceit out of a man, I'll back the members of one's own family, and more especially and particularly one's prettiest and most favourite niece, against all comers, for a hundred pounds a side, even money. That's all the thanks I get, is it, Iris, for coming out of Court in the midst of a most important case, and leaving my junior, as thick-headed a Scotchman as ever was born, to cross-examine the leading witness for the other side—on purpose to ask you whether you've got a telegram: and 'Only Uncle Tom' are the very first words my prettiest niece thinks fit to greet me with after all my devotion."

And he stooped down as Iris seated herself at the table once more, and kissed her affectionately on her smooth white forehead.

"Oh, Uncle," Iris cried, blushing up to her pretty blue eyes with ingenuous distress at having even for a moment appeared to slight him. "I didn't mean that. You know I didn't mean it. I'm always pleased and delighted to see you. But the fact is I was expecting the telegram; and I ran to the door when you ratt-tatted, thinking it was the telegraph boy; and when I saw it was only you—I mean, when I saw it was you, of course—why I was naturally disappointed not to have got the news about it all. But did you really come up all the way from Court on purpose to hear it, you dear old uncle?"

"All the way from Court, with Coleridge, C.J., smiling cynically at my best witnesses, I give you my word of honour, Iris," the red-faced old gentleman answered, mollified, "for nothing on earth except to hear about a certain pretty little niece of mine—because I knew the pretty little niece was so very anxious on the subject."

"Oh, uncle, that *was* kind of you," Iris cried aloud, flushing up to her eyes once more, this time with pleasure. A little sympathy went a long way with her. "It's so good of you to take so much interest in me."

"My unfortunate client won't say so," Uncle Tom muttered half aloud to himself. And, indeed, the misguided persons who had retained and refreshed Thomas Kynnersley Whitmarsh, Q.C., the eminent authority on probate cases, would probably not have learned with unmixed pleasure this touching instance of his domestic affection.

"But what's it all about, dear Tom?" Mrs. Knyvett exclaimed, in a querulous tone and with a puzzled air. "What do Iris and you want to get a telegram from this ambiguous tutor of hers for?"

Uncle Tom was just about to enlighten his sister's darkness (for the five hundred and first time), when poor Iris, unable to control her feelings any longer, rose from the table, with tears standing in her pretty blue eyes, and remarked, in a slightly husky voice, that she could eat nothing, and would go and wait for the telegram in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Knyvett looked after her, bewildered and amazed. "This sort of thing makes girls very strange," she said, sapiently.

"This sort of thing" being that idol of our age, the Higher Education.

"Well, well, it's done her no harm, anyhow," Uncle Tom answered, with stout good-humour, for his niece was a great favourite of his, in spite of her heresies. "I don't approve of all this fal-lal and nonsense myself, either; but Iris is a Knyvett, you see, and the Knyvetts always struck out a line for themselves; and each Knyvett strikes out a different one. She's struck out hers. She didn't get that from us, you may be sure. Nobody could ever accuse the Whitmarshes of eccentricity or originality. We get on, but we get on steadily. It's dogged that does it with our family, Amelia. The Knyvetts are different. They go their own way, and it's no good anybody else trying to stop them."

"What would her poor dear father say to it all, I wonder?" Mrs. Knyvett remarked parenthetically, through a mist of sighs.

"He would say, 'Let her go her own way,'" the eminent Q.C. replied with cheerful haste; "and if it comes to that, whether he said it or not wouldn't much matter, for in her own quiet, peaceable, unobtrusive manner, offending nobody, Iris would go her own way, in spite of him. Yes, Amelia, I say, in spite of him. After all, it's not been at all a bad thing, in some respects, that our dear girl should have taken up with this higher education-fad. We don't approve of it; but it's done nothing else, it's kept her at least out of the way of the fortune-hunters."

"Iris has great expectations," Mrs. Knyvett remarked complacently. She remarked it, not because her brother was not already well aware of the fact, but because the thought was in her own mind, and she uttered it, as she uttered all other platitudes that happened to occur to her, in the full expectation that her hearer would find them as interesting as she did.

"Iris has great expectations," her brother echoed. "No doubt in the world, I think, about that. By the terms of the old Admiral's will, ridiculous as they are, I hardly imagine Sir Arthur would venture to leave the property otherwise. To do so would be risky, with me against him. And if Iris had gone into London Society, and been thrown into the whirl of London life, instead of reading her 'Odyssey' and her 'Lucretius,' and mugging up amusing works on conic sections, it's my belief some penniless beggar—an Irish adventurer, perhaps, if such a creature survives nowadays—would have fallen upon her and snapped her up long ago; especially before she came into her fortune. Then it seems to be almost disinterested. Now, this Cambridge scheme has saved us from all the trouble and bother of that sort of thing—it's ferried us across the most dangerous time—it's helped us to bridge over the thin ice; till Iris is a woman, and quite fit to take care of herself."

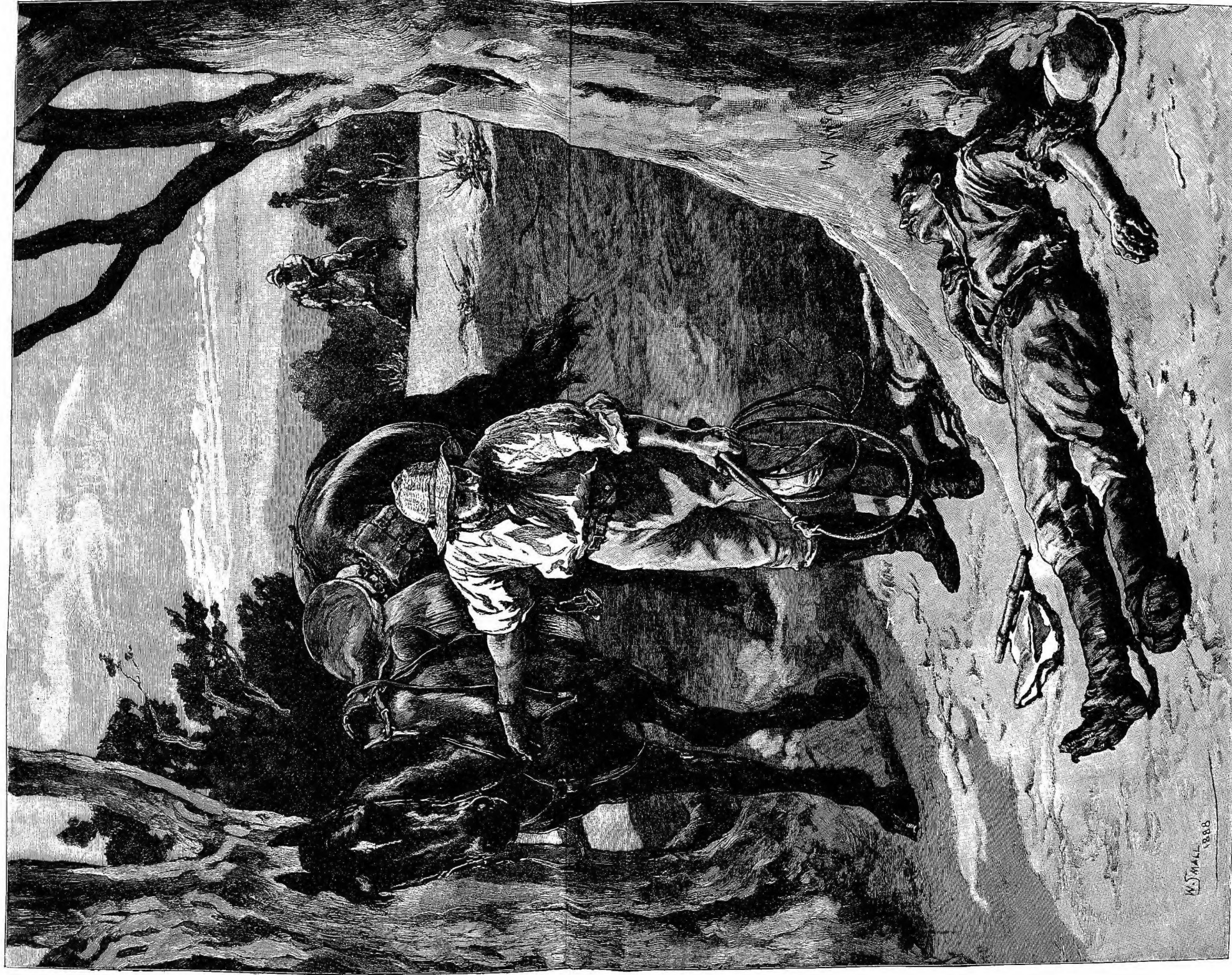
"There's something in that," Mrs. Knyvett responded, with a stately nod of the prominent feature. It seemed somehow to revolve independently on its own axis.

"Something in that!" her brother cried, amazed, as though his own "devil" had ventured to agree with him. "There's a great deal

(To be continued)



Turning from the charms of travel to home attractions, other volumes are devoted to domestic details. Most housekeepers will know "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management" (Ward, Lock), and, in this new and enlarged edition, will find their old friend a very treasure-house. Fashions and Society have changed materially since Mrs. Beeton's day. Afternoon weddings, "at homes," and five o'clock teas must be provided for, foreign cookery and elaborate table decorations are a necessity, and even vegetarian fads need consideration, while modern cooking appliances alter circumstances. Thus, an immense amount of fresh matter has been added, prices have been changed and recipes re-written, indeed, the whole work is thoroughly revised to suit present requirements.—While housekeepers consult Mrs. Beeton for one aspect of Christmas festivities, the host and the young people may arrange the recreative side from the next books on the list. If stage-smitten, they will find some sparkling short comediettas of modern life in Lady Adelaide Cadogan's "Drawing-room Plays" (Sampson Low), easy to act, and requiring few characters—a desideratum in private theatricals. Or if they want picturesque olden costume, they can choose one of Mr. R. C. Miller's "Historical Tableaux" (Hatchards), though the language is a trifle stilted, and the scenery would be difficult for amateurs to manage. For reciters there is plenty of variety in the prose and poetic extracts of "The Encore Reciter" (Warne), arranged by F. Marshall Steele, and humorous verses galore in Mr. F. Langbridge's "Poets at Play," selections from from British and American authors. Perhaps the polished wit of "Béranger's Poems" (Allen) is more suited to quiet reading than public recitation, but this pretty illustrated volume comes fitly among these poetic collections, Mr. W. Walsh having tried to choose the best translations of the Gallic ballad-writer. To return to social entertainments—magic mysteries are always in favour at Christmas parties, so let the boys study Mr. C. Gilbert's "Card Tricks and Conjuring," or his "Fireworks and Chemical Surprises" (Dean), while the sisters concoct pretty presents out of scraps according to hints given by Miss Clark in "How to Make Gifts and Knicknacks" and "Wool and Paper Flowers" (Dean), valuable to maidens with little pocket-money. And both boys and girls may



"DEAD FROM WANT OF WATER"
AN INCIDENT OF BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

beguile dull hours by playing "Numero" and "Patience" (Mortimer), each containing twenty different games in a box.

French stories for the young differ so widely in style and theme from English juvenile literature, that it is as well to give our young people an idea of the reading approved by their contemporaries across the Channel. A trio from Messrs. Hachette are all amusing, and "La Filleule de St. Louis," by F. Dillaye, adds a finished study of thirteenth-century life and customs to a thrilling tale. There is much excitement, too, in the search of a mother for her child as briskly told by Madame de Nanteuil in "Le Général du Maine," while the simple experiences of a young girl in her loved country-home form a charming narrative, "Les Premières Pages," by Madame Z. Fleuriot.—There is a sharp contrast between the quiet humours of Gallic provincial existence and the rugged severity of Scotch life depicted in "The Household of M'Neil" (Clarke). This is a tragic presentment of a wilful girl, and the suffering she brought on her home, described with much tenderness by Mrs. Amelia Barr, who is at her best in rustic character-drawing.—A few final tales of adventure for boys yet linger. Who is not familiar with "Robinson Crusoe," but how many know anything of Woodes Rogers, who discovered Crusoe's prototype, Selkirk, and thus paved the way for Defoe's famous romance? So Mr. R. C. Leslie justly asks in his introduction to the journal of the old British mariner, "Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne" (Chapman and Hall), most interesting in its naive simplicity and practical view of trials and troubles afloat.

The artistic verse-books are more numerous than ever. All are of the same type—graceful monotints illustrating familiar poetic selections. Some are devoted to the beauties of Creation, like "Golden Leaves" and "Sweet Nature" (Nister), arranged by R. E. Mack, or "Sea-Pearls (Nister), ocean ballads concealed in an oyster-shell, a very dainty conceit. Others treat of affairs of the heart, such as "Love Lyrics" (Nister), and some are sacred, like "The Angels' Song" (Nister), by Dr. Sears, or Messrs. Marcus Ward's Evening and Morning Hymns, familiar Psalms, and Christmas Carols. The last publishers' "Floral Alphabet" is also fairly good, while the "Sparks from the Yule Log" (Elliot Stock), struck out by W. G. Churcher, may kindle a laugh by their comic rhymes and drawings. Pretty for the children are both the verses and pictures of "Old Father Christmas" (Nister), by Mrs. L. and R. Mack, and the version of old nursery tales, "There was Once" (Nister), told afresh by Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and jovially illustrated by John Lawson, whose sketches, however, are not so spontaneously comic as Chester Loomis' designs accompanying "Familiar Selections from the Rhymes of Mother Goose" (Nister). There are some amusing stories and cuts in the same publisher's "Holiday Annual," but many of the rhymes are very silly in Messrs. Dean's "Medley of Picture Scraps and Rhymes," where sundry old-fashioned drawings are scattered among many really entertaining illustrations. Now the tales of animals are much better-suited to childish fancy both in Mrs. Hatheway's "Cats in Gloves" (Dean) and "The Story of the Good Dog Rover" (Dean).

Amateur reciters preparing for New Year's gaieties may be recommended to invest in "The Aldine Reciter" (Hutchinson), which will save them much perplexity as to *how* and *what* to recite. Here Mr. Miles provides an excellent selection of modern poetry, varying from grave to gay, and from the ambitious dramatic piece to the simple short ballad. His work thus suits all capacities, while the poems are so minutely classified and indexed as to greatly assist the reciter's decision. The accompanying hints on elocution are also worth study.—The "Baker's Dialect Series" (Routledge) are of similar character on a humbler scale, but equally useful. Prose extracts vary the poetry, and there is a choice between "Irish," "Yankee," "Medley," and "Negro" dialect recitations, together with a "Grand Army Speaker," containing patriotic strains, all well-arranged by G. M. Baker. By-the-by, why should Mr. Pickwick's doings be included among the "Yankee" dialect collection? Not all the recitations are to be left to the elders, for here are some practical "Terracotta Plays" (Smith and Innes), founded by C. M. Prevost on well-known fairy stories, and just the thing for a Christmas houseful of young people. The "Sleeping Beauty" and "Snowdrop and the Dwarfs" are best for juvenile actors, being effective and easily learnt, while "The White Cat" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" are rather older in tone. The plays are also published separately.

The doughty deeds of our countrymen will always find an appreciative audience, whether the heroism in war pictured by Lieutenant-Colonel Marshman in "Brave Deeds" (Griffith and Farran), or the courage in time of peace described by Laura Lane in "Heroes of Every-Day Life" (Cassell). Lieutenant-Colonel Marshman deals with the gallantry of the British soldier from Ramillies to Balaclava, and his spirited sketches are appropriately accompanied by terse accounts of the events illustrated by his pencil. Miss Lane's heroes won their spurs in cooler blood—in the mine or the burning house, on the wreck or the rugged cliff, man and woman alike, brave to save life in a sudden emergency. Such a book should interest all young people.

Few are more competent to give popular lessons on natural history than the Rev. J. G. Wood, and his "Birds and Beasts" (Shaw) is just one of those homely chats about the animal and feather world which charm young people. He gives no dry details, but gossips about the creatures, so as to present them in the most life-like fashion, and the capital illustrations exactly support the text.—Similar practical knowledge of our surroundings—but this time in the floral world—is conveyed by F. and A. Livings in "Twelve White Flowers" (Hamilton, Adams). The prose is better than the pictures, for most of the flowers, though carefully drawn, are stiff, and more like a conventional design for embroidery than the natural blossom.—In theme, "The Artistic Language of Flowers" (Routledge) is a fit companion to the foregoing, but while some of the pages are gracefully designed, the remaining illustrations are poor, in both form and colour.—Now the booklets of "St. Paul's Series," edited by Mr. G. Haité and published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, are much more artistic. They are of the familiar class of poem and monotint vignettes and borderings, some of religious character, such as "The Message of Love," "A Chaplet of Gems," "Golden Love," "Art Thou Weary?" and "Our Father's Promises," some for childish audiences, like "Playmates" and "A Summer's Day," some treating old-fashioned themes like "The Traveller." Misses Edith and Florence Maplestone, Alice and Louisa Manville Fenn, and Evelina Lance, and Messrs. Hards, Finemore, Ricketts, and Fullwood are the artists.—For the young ones "Our Country House," illustrated by J. Kleinmichel, and "A Journey Round the World," depicted by C. Marr (Routledge), combine plentiful coloured pictures and descriptive story, while the same type of amusement in black and white is afforded by "Summer Sunshine" (Routledge) and the specially pretty volume "In the Sunny South" (Smith and Innes), where E. Cuthell tells of childish doings at Mentone, and T. Pym pictures the little ones as bewitching mites. The curious illustrations are perhaps the most attractive portion of "The Adventures of the Moonfaced Princess" (Bentley), a rather puzzling Japaneserie by F. St. J. Orlebar. Children will hardly understand the ways of the Princess, and are more likely to extract real fun from the career of the black doll "Jimmy" (Routledge), whose cruel treatment by a juvenile mistress J. G. Sowerby merrily draws with pen and pencil.

"Puff, the Autobiography of a Dog" (S.P.C.K.), is a capital little book for young children. It contains some pretty effective coloured drawings by Mrs. Katharine Macquoid.

The following books arrived too late for detailed notice:—"The Brown Portmanteau," and other stories, by Curtis Yorke, Sandringham Library (Jarrold and Son). A second edition of "Nature's Fairy Land," by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison; "Through the Shadows," by E. Moir (Elliot Stock), and a re-issue in six volumes of that well-known book "The Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction," by Martha Hill and friends, edited by Constance Hill (W. H. Allen and Co.). "Buz," or The Life and Adventures of a Honey Bee (J. W. Arrowsmith.)



MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.—Four of Paolo Tosti's charmingly simple love songs, for which school he has quite a speciality, are, "Malinconia," words by M. de F.—, arranged in five settings; "Vieni," a dainty *barcarola*, words by Carmelo Errico; "Segreto," words by Lorenzo Stecchetti; and "Malia," words by R. E. Pagliara. These songs are all published in three keys.—"We Have Loved," a pleasing poem by John Muir, has also been set to music by the above composer.—"Palomina, è Sera!" a *duettino popolare* for equal voices, words by R. E. Pagliara, music by L. Denza, will surely find favour wherever it is well sung.—Maude V. White has set to music, with taste and originality, "Hidden Love" ("Dulot Kaereighed"), a Norwegian poem by B. Bjornson, and "Hungarian Gipsy Song" ("Die Zigeuner") by Alex. Petofi.—One of Longfellow's poetical gems, "My Heart Hath Its Love," has been set to appropriate music by E. Pizzi, for a voice of medium compass.—Two very taking songs for the drawing-room are "Sweetheart and I," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Henri Logé, and "Two in a Garden," by R. S. Hichens and Joseph L. Roedel.—A very good idea is carried out by this firm, it is worthy the imitation of other publishers. Instead of an ordinarily bound album of dance music, there is a stiff portfolio-like cover containing four or more pieces independent one of the other. The example before us contains: "Conferenze Amorse," a sparkling waltz, "Sogno del Cuoro," a tuneful mazurka, "A Quattr' Occhi," a dance-provoking polka, and "Chiaroscuro," a brilliant galop. All four are by G. Capetani di Vincenzo. The collective title of this group is "Veglie d' Inverno."

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Hymn and Collect," by John Collett; the former is a new setting of the well-known words, "Rock of Ages." It is not an improvement upon the original setting.—"A Veteran's Story," written and composed by A. Henwood and Joseph J. Shaw, will take well at a village concert (S. White).—A cheery song, with a unison chorus, is "Christmas Night," written and composed by T. L. Hérold and Ruthven Finlayson (Messrs. Morley and Co.).—"The Estey Organ Tutor," by King Hall, will prove of great utility to players on the Estey American organs, which find favour all over the world, to judge by the fact that two hundred thousand instruments, large and small, have been sold already, whilst their reputation is steadily increasing. This work is divided into two parts, the first being entirely devoted to the Rudiments of Music, and the second comprising Practical Instructions in Playing, together with an extensive and varied collection of music, specially written or arranged for the Estey American organ (Messrs. Hodge and Essex).—No. XII. of "Original Compositions for the Organ," by W. Dawson, is a clever "Pastorale" in A major (W. Dawson, Liverpool).—"Gavottine" for the pianoforte, by Cecil Neilson, is a very fair specimen of its type (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).—An attractive title-page, with a portrait of the popular little heroine after whom it is named, attracts attention to "Mignon's Own Polka-March" for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson; the music is pretty and ear-catching (Charles Jefferys).—"Bom Vinho Valse," by Frank M. Simpson, is melodious and attractive (Messrs. Reid Brothers).



THE hasty reader will think that much of the "Memoirs of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" (Remington), is of little interest save to Germans. The hasty reader will be more than usually mistaken. It is worth while to have a dispassionate view, from the standpoint of an intelligent German prince, of the revolution which, beginning in 1848, ended in the Empire; and the student must not be discouraged because most of the actors in the drama are wholly unknown in England, even by name. We are too much given to what may be called political monotheism. Duke Ernest is careful at the outset to remind us "how little it was a single will alone which expressed itself in the great development." Even Prince Bismarck's position (he is not once mentioned in these two volumes) is due not to himself, but to his being identified with this "development." The Schleswig-Holstein question is, of course, exhaustively discussed. Russia wished to preserve Denmark intact; and Lord Palmerston's impetuous advocacy (followed by ignominious desertion) is attributed to his wish to "square" Ambassador Brunnow, justly incensed at the Don Pacifico business. Prince Albert's letters show how firm was the Prince Consort's grasp of German politics. His brother and the other princes were naturally afraid that the end of the King of Prussia's coquetting with the "Reds" would be "a state of things like Switzerland, which is very satisfactory to people in general" (306); but not, of course, to the princes. Prince Albert ("academic and optimistic," his elder brother calls him) pointed out that, "unless an important German prince set himself at the head of the movement, Democracy will run away with it, and the final solution will be a republic." The "universal fright" in 1848 was amusing; the Serene Highnesses, who had resisted any timely concessions, gave in to the pettiest riot, "with the firm intention of taking back their promises on the first opportunity." Duke Ernest was almost the only one who kept his head; and no wonder several admirers wished him (then commanding the Thuringian contingent in Holstein) "to come forward as Emperor and deliverer." If only his duchy, made up of "advanced" Gotha and old-fashioned Coburg, had been a little bigger, or if he had been a Napoleon instead of merely a good general of division, this might have been the solution of the difficulty. The author's quaint English (e.g., "an elementary occurrence" for "a result caused by the elements") is helpful by sometimes forcing the reader to pause and consider what is meant.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie means his "School-Life of Christ" (Hatchards) for "the multitudes, older and younger, who, while shrinking from a Life in two volumes, would be very glad of the story pleasantly, clearly, simply, brightly told." It is not, therefore, an abridgement of his former work, but a new book. The illustrations are interesting; the point of view orthodox evangelical.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, has, in "The Enchanted Island" (Allen), given us a Ruskinian sketch of Art in England, which in the old myths bears that name. He is full of suggestion, as when he remarks that "the Tyndalls of the Victorian Age and the Merlins of the Arthurian are each occult to the other," and points out that of Christ we have the very face. Of our National Gallery "Ecce Ilomo," the weak mouth

and effeminate hair are faults of the painter falling short of the type that he ought to have realised. And so with any of the Christ pictures; in all, varying as they do in style, force, method, choice of subject, there is but one conception of the face. It is so different with the Virgin, for instance. We commend, too, his remarks on "the Flesh" as carved on Stafford church font. "Evolution in Architecture" is another of the Essays in this readable little book, which ends with a lively attack on Professor Palgrave's "Decline of Art," proving by a formidable array of parallel extracts how largely it is borrowed from Mr. Bayliss's "Witness of Art."

Professor Thorold Rogers carries his uncompromising spirit into everything that he writes. He is a Radical, and therefore Holland is for him "the Holy Land of Modern Europe." Her war against Philip II. was "infinitely more heroic, far more desperate, much more successful, and infinitely more significant than that which Greece waged against Persia. . . . It was the greatest and most important of all European wars." No wonder, therefore, that, having traced the institution of guilds and chartered towns, and the trade between Flanders and England, and the origin of the Dutch navy, in the masterly style which is natural to the author of "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," having sketched the history of the house of Burgundy Hill, Mary granted Holland "the Great Privilege," having sharply outlined Alva and Don John, and Parma and Barneveldt, and De Witt; he regrets that he cannot close his story with the siege of Aix la Chapelle. For it is chiefly on us that he unhesitatingly charges Holland's shameful humiliation; "from Selden's doings and learnings it has been the policy of British statesmen to pander to the most sordid instincts of British traders, and to truckle both to the designs of the Houses of Stuart and Hanover against Dutch Independence." He has a poor opinion of the House of Orange, which "after great services led the country into disgrace, and finally into ruin," but his opinion of the French nobles who, "having taken Philip II.'s money, negotiated with Henry IV. for more money, and place and pardon," is still poorer. . . . "Had Holland, like Flanders, been cursed with nobles, it might well have been despaired of." Despite these extreme views "Holland" (Fisher Unwin) is one of the best of the "Story of Nations" series.

Part XXVI. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London) takes us into the important parish of Prestwich-cum-Oldham. One regrets the destruction of Prestwich Rectory, "The Dene," and the waste in law costs over Mr. Henshaw's noble charity, the Oldham Blue School. Did Charles Lever, whose father came from Lancashire, belong to the Levers of Alkington?

That the Somali country should have remained "The Unexplored Horn of Africa" (Philip, Fleet Street) till Mr. F. L. James and his brother visited, along with Messrs. Aylmer, Lort-Phillips, and Thrupp, is due to the evil reputation of the inhabitants. They are Gallas, with a strong dash of Caucasian blood; but, none the less, or perhaps for that very reason, they are worse to deal with than the negro. Sir R. Burton's character—"they have all the negro's levity and instability, passing without transition into a state of fury, in which they are capable of the most horrible atrocities"—accounts for the fact that "to be killed was the fate of nearly every white man who ventured into their country." The genial temper, which comes out, for instance, in Mr. James's description of his native lady helps, no doubt accounted for his success; and Mr. Thrupp's tact (see p. 72) must have been a great help. He was, moreover, always most careful to make friends with the priests, for whom he had provided himself with a supply of Korans. One influential priest was so moved that he gave the party "a pastoral round robin," or spiritual letter of credit. The photogravures, "composed" by Mrs. Gordon Hake, are excellent; as are also the coloured plates of birds, insects, &c. Altogether the work is an exceptionally interesting one of its class.

A book on "The Horse" (Bentley), by such a practical master of his subject as the great trainer, Mr. W. Day, could not fail of being valuable, as well as interesting. We are glad that Mr. Day enlivens his subject by something about himself, and by a chapter on climate, in which he propounds the puzzle why, in Europe, horse and cattle and sheep get smaller as you move northward, attaining their minimum in Ireland, while in North America and Asia some of the arctic creatures are bigger than their northern congeners—e.g., the musk ox than the bison. Of course, the chapters on breeding, mating, and the care of mare and foal are practical and excellent. So is that on hunters and troop horses, of which Mr. Day believes (as firmly as Goldsmith did in his day) that we have the best breed in the world. What he says on the increase of speed (in foxes also, p. 264) is curious. His most important chapter is "the half-bred on the farm." A cart horse only walks one and a-half miles an hour; plough with a half-bred, and you save in many ways.

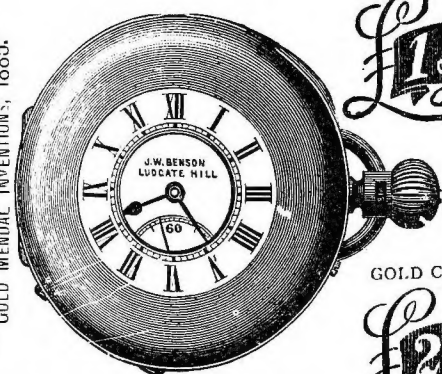
Dr. Hartmann's "Life of Joshua, the Prophet of Nazareth" (Boston: Occult Publishing Company; London: Theosophical Publishing Society), is just what one might expect from the author. Since we merely "appear to be," what matters "whether or not our ideal Christ has ever existed in history?" The attempt to give a historical basis to what rests on intuition is delusive; "The Divine Wisdom never was killed, by the Jews, though he is continually crucified by professed Christians." Jehoshua Ben Pandira tried to overthrow the belief in a limited God; yet his followers made of him such a god, separated him from humanity, and selected him for an object of outward worship. In Egypt, where he was initiated into the "Mysterious brotherhood," he learned the truths, some of which he taught in St. Matthew (Hermes Trismegistus, called in Egyptian *Meti*!), giving great offence to his nation, "whom long continued and abject fear of Jehovah had made a nation of cowards." Dr. Hartmann calls on us to awaken to the inner truth underlying our religion; the latter killeth, as surely as those get crushed under Juggernaut's car who persist in trying to catch a glimpse of the Dwarf therein hidden, instead of seeing that the car is the body, the Dwarf the spiritual principle in man's soul.

Books like Dr. Hartmann's try the patience even of the broadest-minded. Books like "Rhys Lewis, Minister of Bethel, an Autobiography" (Wrexham: Hughes; London: Simpkin, Marshall), make us, on the contrary, yearn to know more of the thoughts and aspirations of those who, living in the same island, have a little in common with us. It is too true, as Mr. Harris says, explaining when he has translated Daniel Owen's book, that "there are more things in Welsh literature than are dreamt of in the average English reader's philosophy." All the characters in this well-told story are drawn from the life; who that knows Wales or Cornwall does not know the dear old lady who, when her son, unable to contain his new learning, plies her with "Butler," pours scorn on "the mere heathen who drinks the squire's wine and never goes anywhere but to church." Thomas Bartley, too, who to the class-meeting question, "What call was there for Christ to die for us?" fearlessly exclaims, "Well, so far as I can make out, 'twas nothin' in the blessed world only He Himself liked it." We are not surprised that Thomas, hearing a very pious friend is bad with rheumatics, says, "D'y'e know, I don't understand that Great King, look you. A woman like her, who never did anything in the world aginst Him, to be plagued like always, always." Excellent, too, is the "local" who tells the aspirant to preaching to "cultivate cheek—I don't say it's good in itself, but it's a means to an end, and it belongs to a higher order of things than impudence or brazen-facedness." We shall not attempt to analyse Rhys Lewis; we recommend everybody to read it. A tourist who has read it won't be so isolated, as many of us are, in "gallant little Wales."



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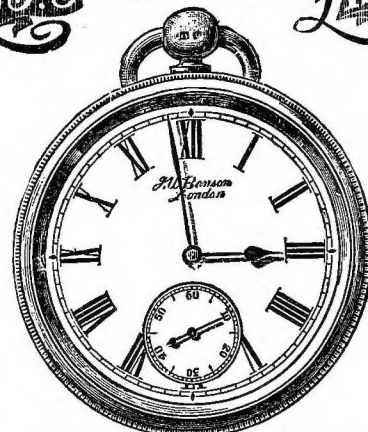
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